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Britain's Air Policy

By the Rt. Hon. THE MARQUESS OF LONDONDERRY

Broadcast on May 23

AS you all know from your newspapers last night and this morning, the Government have accepted the advice which, as Secretary of State for Air and responsible, in that capacity, for the air defences of this country, I tendered to them—that the expansion of the Royal Air Force, already authorised in July last year, must be not only accelerated but also very considerably increased. I would like you all to understand at once that I tendered this advice, and the Government accepted it, only after the most mature deliberation. We have not taken this step light-heartedly, but have fully examined the whole position. We recognise, as I am sure every thinking person in this country recognises, how serious is the decision to which we have come.

There are two points in particular which I wish to emphasise. First, this further expansion of the Royal Air Force is in no sense a reply to Herr Hitler's remarkable, and I think in many ways hopeful, speech of Tuesday last. Herr Hitler's acceptance of the doctrine of the limitation of armaments is very welcome, and, as Air Minister, I am especially gratified by his proposal to limit air armaments. Not for a moment must our pro-

gramme be taken, in any sense, as a rejection of the German offer of limitation. Secondly, I would remind you that our programme is no new departure in policy. As I explained in the House of Lords yesterday, we have done no more and no less than reaffirm and implement the policy for the defence of this country from air attack first laid down as long ago as 1923, and adopted and maintained by successive Governments of every political shade since that date until today—Conservative, Socialist and National.

Let me repeat what I said in the House of Lords yesterday on this subject: What we sought then, what we seek now, what we shall at all times insist upon, is adequate provision for the security of this country from air attack. It matters not from what country the possibility of such attack may come, the air programme of this country must always bear a close relation in strength to the programme of the nation with the greatest air force within striking distance of these islands. That is our formula.

I hope those words are beyond misconstruction. Our programme is aimed at no country in particular. It is solely directed towards the maintenance of this country in security against air attack, from whatsoever quarter it



With a Royal Air Force home defence unit

might come. We have taken note of the increasing air armaments in the world around us, and in particular of the remarkable acceleration of the German air programme, and the size and scope of the air force which they have informed us that they intend to establish; and we have come to the decision that we must immediately increase both the rate of our expansion and the size to which our home air defence is eventually to come, if we are to bring it into proper relation with the air forces of our neighbours.

The defence of this country is a sacred obligation, and our first responsibility. We cannot allow it to wait upon the result of international negotiations, whose failure would leave us in a position of dangerous inferiority. As Mr. Baldwin said yesterday, it is part of our obligation to maintain the principle of collective security, that we should be in a position to fulfil our duties under that obligation, if we should unhappily be called upon to do so.

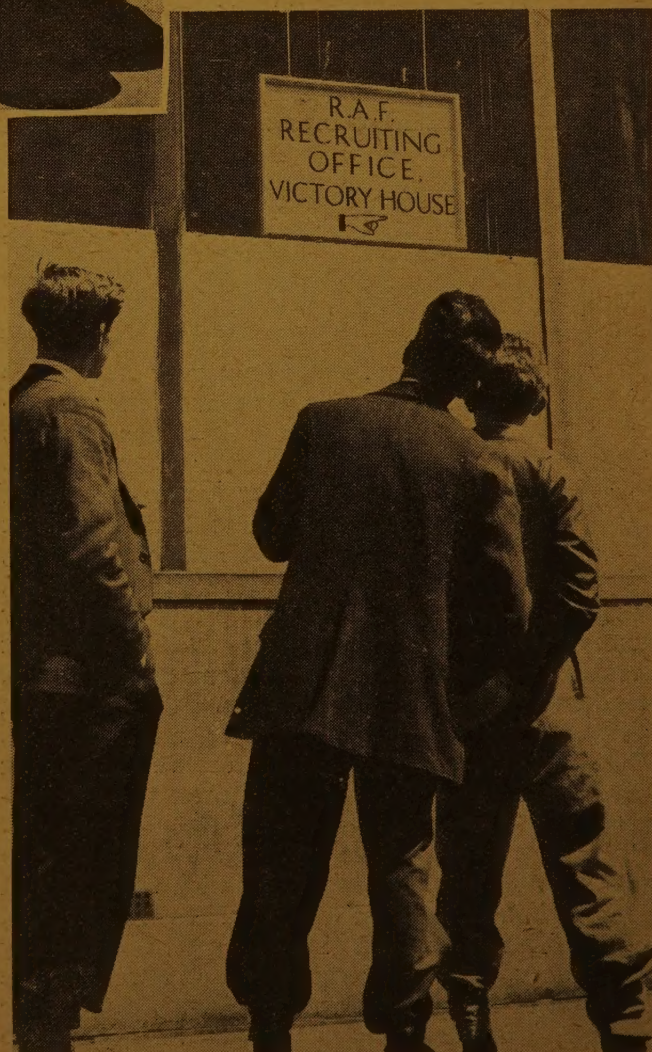
This, then, is the task which we have set ourselves. By March 31, 1937, the strength of the Royal Air Force based at home, irrespective of the Fleet air arm, will be raised from 580 first-line machines to 1,500. In other words, whereas we have today 43 squadrons for home defence, we are now going to raise 71 new squadrons within twenty-two months—a very great addition, as you will agree.

This increase means that we shall make great demands, not only upon the manufacturing resources of this country, but also upon the people themselves, because we shall require a large addition to the numbers of the personnel engaged in the Royal Air Force. This year alone we must put into training between 1,200 and 1,300 new pilots. In

all, by the time our scheme of expansion is completed at the end of March, 1937, we shall have entered into the Royal Air Force some 22,500 officers and men, including 2,500 pilots.

The Government has made its plans for the safety and defence of this country, and these are our plans. It has laid them before Parliament and has secured the approval of both Houses of the representatives of the people. It is now for the nation itself to give effect to our proposals and to bring our plans to a successful issue. The door into the Air Force is wide open. A great opportunity exists, and will, I am sure, be taken by many who have felt hitherto that experience of life in the Service was beyond their reach.

When one of His Majesty's Services has told the nation that it wanted men, the response has always been clear. If we are to accomplish the great task before us we shall need your help and goodwill, and I appeal with confidence to every section of the nation to assist the Government, the Air Ministry, the Royal Air Force, and myself, in the undertaking which we begin today. An appeal of this kind I know has never been made in vain.



'The door into the Air Force is wide open'



The Galilee, Durham Cathedral, with the tomb of Bede in right foreground

Will F. Taylor.

The Venerable Bede: 735-1935

By the BISHOP OF JARROW

*The twelve hundredth anniversary of the death of the Venerable Bede was celebrated on May 27 by a special service at Durham Cathedral. Performances of a play based on his writings and on the stories told about him are being given in the Cathedral cloisters**

JARROW is a name all too familiar today as the place hardest hit by the tragedy of unemployment. In the nineteenth century the town had a brief fame as the pioneer of steamship building. In the intervening centuries she has no history, but 1,200 years ago, before the rise of Oxford, before Cambridge, she was for a brief period the centre of English learning. In the joint monasteries of Wearmouth and Jarrow there were not less than 600 monks, and the fame of the monastery school attracted also distinguished visitors from far and wide. Its great position was almost entirely due to the man whom we know as the Venerable Bede. The story of Bede's life can be soon told, for the whole record of it is contained in a few sentences of autobiography at the end of his great work on the *Ecclesiastical History of the English People*—the book to which we owe almost all our knowledge of the early history of our country. He was born in the year 672 or 673 in the territory of the monastery of Wearmouth and Jarrow, that is, between the Tyne and the north bank of the Wear on which Sunderland now stands. At the age of seven he was given by his relatives (so we may assume that his parents were dead) to the care of the great Abbot Benedict Biscop at the monastery of Wearmouth, and a few years later passed on to Jarrow and lived there first under Biscop and then under Coelfrid, Biscop's successor. The rest of the uneventful story can be told in his own words: 'From that time, I have spent the whole of my life

within that monastery, devoting all my pains to the study of the scriptures: and amid all the observances of monastic discipline and the daily charge of singing in the church, it has been ever my delight to learn or teach or write'.

Could anything be less exciting—less eventful? There is a legend that he visited Rome, which is almost certainly untrue, that he went to Cambridge, which is quite certainly false, and it is possible that he visited Lindisfarne and once at the end of his life went as far as York. Otherwise his whole life was spent in the monastery of Jarrow.

Such a record would suggest a narrow provincial, but nothing is further from the truth. His eager, student mind absorbed knowledge and culture from every available source. He had access to the magnificent library collected by the founder of the monastery and enriched by treasures brought from Rome and elsewhere. Correspondents from all over England furnished him with materials for his history, the results of the most scholarly researches in the archives of Rome, London, Canterbury and elsewhere. While it is on his historical work that Bede's fame rests, he was no narrow specialist. He wrote twenty-five treatises on Biblical subjects, lives of saints and abbots, scientific books, hymns and epigrams—forty distinct works, the list of which he gives at the end of his history. The diversity as well as the extent of his attainments is astonishing. He certainly knew Greek and had some knowledge of Hebrew. Among the classical writers he knew Virgil, Ovid,

* May 29, 4 p.m. and 7 p.m. : June 1, 3 p.m. : June 19, 4 p.m. and 7 p.m.

Lucan, Lucretius, Terence and a host of lesser poets. As well as the Latin in which he habitually wrote, he knew Anglo-Saxon, into which he translated the Creed and the Lord's Prayer, and possibly some of the books of the Bible. His culture is the more remarkable when we remember that Northumbria had only just emerged from heathendom and savagery.

As Dr. Hodgkin writes: 'Bede's father possibly, his grandfather certainly, were rude illiterate pagans, yet we find their near descendant writing Latin which might almost have passed muster at the Court of Augustus, and by his saintly life and

digged their material. His works were to be found in every Cathedral and monastic library, and historians and theologians relied implicitly on his authority.

Most of those who made use of Bede's writings are his whole-hearted admirers. Edmund Burke is a possible exception, but one can hardly imagine a greater contrast than that between the

eighteenth-century statesman and the eighth-century saint; the surprising thing is that he should have written about him at all. Referring to Bede's scientific work, *De Rerum Natura*, Burke admits that 'it is concise and methodical and contains no very contemptible abstract of the physics which were taught in the decline of the Roman Empire', but he refers to a series of extracts which Bede made from the writings of Cicero as a 'collection of shining commonplaces' and is contemptuous of the 'credulity next to infantine' which Bede displayed in the recording of miracles. This last criticism is definitely unfair, but then one could hardly expect the eighteenth century to be fair on the subject of miracles!

It is, of course, true that stories of miracles fill a much larger place than they would in a modern history, but the majority of the miracles which Bede records are by no means incredible, are indeed perfectly susceptible of natural explanation, cures such as one would expect in an age of such fresh and intense faith in the new-found wonder of the Christian Gospel. In the main it can be confidently asserted that in an age when the line between fancy and fact was less strictly drawn than it is today, Bede was astonishingly accurate and painstaking. As a



Bede's chair, now in Jarrow church

Will F. Taylor



Bede writing: from a late twelfth-century copy of *The Miracles of St. Cuthbert*

British Museum

happy death illustrating the noblest qualities of the Christian character'.

The age which witnessed the greatest splendours of the Caliphs of Baghdad, and when Moorish civilisation was conquering most of Spain, saw Northern England an almost completely barbarous country, but with the coming of Celtic Christianity there followed that sudden flowering of culture evidenced by buildings such as the Abbey at Hexham, the crosses at Ruthwell and Bewcastle, works of art such as the Lindisfarne Gospels and the Codex Amiatinus, scholars and saints such as Aidan, Oswald, Cuthbert, Biscop, Coelfrid and Bede himself.

Though Bede's interests were mainly classical and literary he took all knowledge for his province, and even produced a treatise on the science of his day. Bede was a true pioneer, or perhaps more accurately the great conservator of a classical and Christian tradition which in the turmoil of the times might so easily have been lost; consequently his books have been a rich quarry out of which for twelve centuries others have



Page of Bede's *De Rerum Natura*

British Museum

historian, he was scrupulously careful to quote his authorities and to marshal his evidence. He got reliable friends to search archives in distant places and himself sifted all the stories of events in Northumbria. He records, for example, how a priest, 'a man of singular veracity', had told him how he had once talked with one of the oldest persons who asserted that he had been baptised by Paulinus himself in 628 in the presence of King Edwin in the River Trent, and then gives a vivid picture of the personal appearance of Paulinus. A good example of his scrupulous historical truthfulness is seen in his treatment of the long controversy between those who were trying to bring the English Church into line with the rest of Christendom in such matters, for example, as the observance of Easter, and those who stood obstinately for the old English customs. He records Wilfred at the Synod of Whitby as describing his opponents as 'the Scots and these their accomplices in obstinacy, I mean the Picts and the Britons who, foolishly in these two remote islands of the world, and only in part even of them, oppose all the rest of the universe'. While Bede himself with his wide reading and many contacts with Europe was wholeheartedly on the side of the broader view and opposed to the insularity which threatened to keep England out of the main stream of Christian life and thought, he shows a generosity rare in controversial writings and a scrupulous fairness in his description of the acts and motives of his opponents. Nowhere is this kindly truthfulness more apparent than in the admiration which he shows for Aidan, who 1300 years ago, this year, became the true Apostle of the North, and this in spite of the fact that Aidan was committed to the old customs of the Celtic Church as against those of Rome and the rest of Europe, in which Bede so passionately believed.

He says of Aidan that 'herein did he chiefly commend his doctrine to others that he taught none otherwise than as he lived among his friends'. That is a saying that might be applied to Bede himself, for of Bede Alcuin wrote 'whatever he taught by word, he confirmed by his example'. Aidan and Bede both recall the famous description given by Chaucer of the 'Poore Persoun of a Toun':

But Criste's loore and his Apostles Twelve
He taughte, but first he folwed it hym selve.

I wish I could believe that the legend of his having visited Cambridge were true, for I am sure that the present Professor of History in that University would recognise in Bede a kindred spirit. Professor Trevelyan, accurate and careful though he is himself, has always insisted that history must not be regarded as a dry-as-dust science to the neglect of what is, as he says, 'the principal craft of the historian, the art of narrative'.

Bede was, before all things, a master story-teller. It is to him that we owe many of the stories with which most of us have been familiar from childhood. The story, for example, of how

Gregory saw, so Bede tells us, 'in the slave market at Rome, among other things, some boys set for sale, their bodies white, their countenances beautiful and their hair very fine'. Asking from what nation they came he was told that they were Angles. 'Right', said he, 'for they have an angelic face and it becomes such to be co-heirs with the angels in heaven. Not Angles but Angels'. Asking further the name of their province he was told Deira (as this part of Northumbria was then called). Again we have the play on words. They must be withdrawn, he says, *De Ira*, from the ire, the wrath, of God and called to the mercy of Christ. And yet again the name of the king of Deira, Aella, leads him to the thought Alleluia must be sung in that country. So in this unforgettable way, Bede tells the story of the incident which inspired Gregory to send Augustine's mission to this country.

The history is full of stories which have become familiar to us all, such, for example, as that of the thane who likened man's life to a sparrow flitting through the lighted supper room from the dark before to the dark that follows.

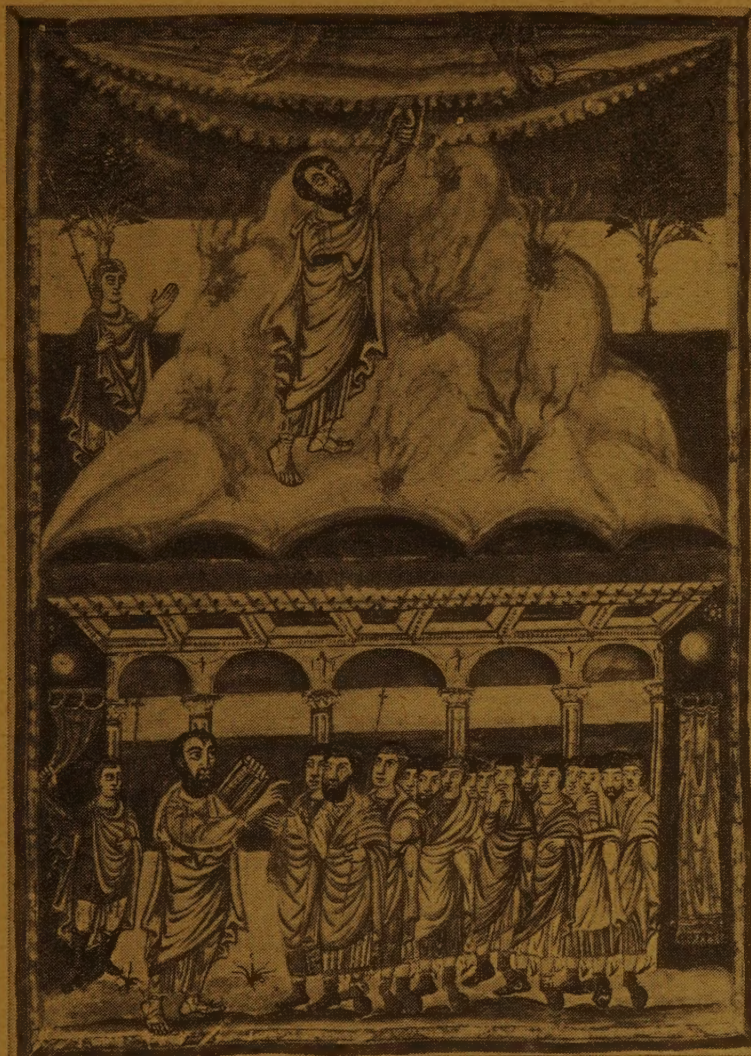
But I must not use all my time in speaking of Bede as a historian. He wrote on almost every subject known to his day. As I have already said, he wrote more than forty books on a vast variety of subjects, and he himself would undoubtedly have attached the chief importance to his commentaries and works on Biblical subjects.

Before his death he had a large share in promoting the foundation of the school at York, and this school transmitted to Alcuin the learning of Bede—and it was Alcuin at the court of Charlemagne who kept alive the torch of learning throughout Europe. Alcuin always admitted the debt, and writing in 793 he spoke feelingly of the

great scholar of Jarrow, urging the young students of that day 'by the example of Bede to be diligent in study and devotion and not to spend their time in digging out foxes and coursing hares', a sentence which suggests that a thousand years has not greatly changed student nature, nor, it may be added, the nature of Deans and Proctors who seek to correct them.

But history and encyclopædic learning are not the chief things about Bede. Before all things he was a man of God. Devoted though he was to study, he never allowed his work to interfere with his prayers. It is to Alcuin that we owe the beautiful story: 'It is told that our master and your patron, the beloved Bede said "I know that Angels visit the canonical hours and the congregations of the brethren and what if they do not find me among them? Will they not say, Where is Bede? Why comes he not to the prescribed devotions with the brethren?"'

Loving God, he was greatly beloved by men. His gentleness and humility made him the much venerated master and much loved teacher. Every record we have of him testifies to the deep affection which he inspired in all who came in contact with him. There is a wealth of pathos in the well-known story of



Page from a French twelfth-century copy of Alcuin's Bible

British Museum

how he died dictating to the last his translation of St. John's Gospel, a story written by a younger contemporary, Cuthbert the monk, who, after describing his sufferings and increasing weakness, adds yet 'I can with truth declare that I never saw anyone with my eyes nor heard with my ears anyone return thanks so unceasingly to God'.

And so with the unceasing thankfulness, which is the mark of the true Christian, he passed, on Ascension Eve, into the other world, chanting with his last breath the antiphon, 'O King of Glory, who didst this day triumphantly ascend far above all heavens, we beseech Thee leave us not comfortless, but send to us the promise of the Father, even the Spirit of Truth. Hallelujah'.

Freedom

Towards Economic Freedom

By the Rt. Hon. SIR WILLIAM JOWITT

THOSE of you who have been diligent enough to listen to these talks have already heard some seven speakers discussing the subject of freedom. One would expect that those seven would not only look at any subject from divergent points of view but would arrive at fundamentally different conclusions. Yet there seems to have been a remarkable unanimity. Sir Ernest Benn—whom I regard as one of the last, and certainly one of the most distinguished, representatives of the *laissez-faire* school—extolled the merits of freedom whilst pouring scorn upon the ideal of economic freedom. This latter he regarded as a meaningless phrase.

Absolute Freedom is Impossible

Now, so long as it is true that man shall eat his bread in the sweat of his face—so long, that is, as manna does not descend from Heaven—absolute economic freedom is impossible. But so is absolute freedom of any sort: no one, for instance, though in favour of freedom of discussion, would tolerate definite incitement to murder.

Even though we cannot attain economic freedom—and by that I mean the ability to acquire the necessities of life, such as housing, clothing, food and warmth—without rendering any services in return, we can surely do something to help everyone to obtain these necessities. Such social services as Old Age Pensions and Widows' Pensions surely do something towards economic freedom. Again, the support which a worker receives from his trade union safeguarding him against arbitrary dismissal, or against excessive hours of work, or against sweated wages, are all steps towards a greater economic freedom. Insurance against unemployment—that is, the right of a workman to receive benefits during a period of unemployment, and his rights under the Workmen's Compensation Act to receive payments whilst his injury lasts—are further steps towards economic freedom. Surely one who enjoys these advantages has a greater degree of economic freedom than one who is driven by his necessities to accept any job under any conditions.

In the last few weeks several people have said to me, 'This ideal of freedom is all out of date'. 'You tell me', they have said, 'that I may think what I like, say what I like, and take what part in politics I like. Well', they have said, 'let me tell you that I haven't the least desire to speak in public, that I've no desire to concern myself with politics, and as for my thoughts, I don't mind telling you they're mainly occupied in trying to get a good job at regular wages'. That is, I think, hopelessly unsound and untrue. It could only be expressed by a man who is accustomed to freedom and has not the imagination to see what the loss of that freedom would involve.

But if, in about the middle of the twentieth century, we preach the gospel of freedom as it was preached in about the middle of the nineteenth century—if we take the view that the doctrine of freedom has nothing to do with so-called economic freedom—if we tell people that as believers in freedom we are concerned merely with the right of people to discuss, to vote and generally to go their own way, we shall, I fear, leave large numbers completely indifferent to our appeal.

If, on the other hand, we couch our appeal differently—and

In Jarrow he lived and in Jarrow he died. Last month was celebrated the 1250th anniversary of the foundation of the church in which he worshipped—and the chancel of it with its tiny Saxon windows remains as it was in his day. It is fitting that in Jarrow we should do honour to his memory; in Jarrow and in Durham too, for it is in Durham that his body rests, removed there beyond the reach of the marauding Danes in 1020—and it is in Durham, that most glorious of all Cathedrals, that the celebration of the twelfth centenary has been held.

Twelve hundred years ago, on the eve of Ascension Day, he died—but his fame does not die—historian, scholar, teacher, student, but above all true man of God.

if we admit candidly that the man with the wolf at the door is no more free than the man with the secret police at the door—and if we state that our ideal leads us to work alike towards the removal of the wolf and of the policeman, we shall have a larger and more enthusiastic audience. I confess that just because I am a profound believer in freedom I should make my appeal as wide as possible, for I believe that freedom is an ideal which today needs all the public support we can get for it.

Liberty in the British Commonwealth

Consider for a moment its application to public, as opposed to individual, affairs. The British Commonwealth of Nations is today the very embodiment of the ideal of freedom. Great empires in the past have waxed, and have waned; the bonds that bound the subject states began to chafe, the time came when those subject states felt themselves strong enough to throw off those bonds. None of those empires has survived. But amongst the constituent members of our Commonwealth there are no subject states, and there are no bonds to chafe. The recent Statute of Westminster merely recognised the position which had already been achieved. Each dominion in regulating its own affairs is as free as this country. The uniting bonds are of gossamer, not of iron. We are bound together in a common loyalty: we are together inheritors of a great ideal.

It is surely a remarkable tribute to the effect of freedom as between country and country that we have as an honoured guest at our jubilee celebrations the Prime Minister of the Union of South Africa, who, in the days before freedom, was engaged in hostilities against us. The effect of freedom makes itself felt slowly, though I believe, in the end, surely.

In the case of the Irish Free State, it seems plain that the last few years have not yet uprooted age-long unhappy memories. If those memories are to be blotted out, it is plainly not to be done by retracing our recent steps, but by making it plain that there are today no irksome restraints to prevent the Free State working out its own salvation along its own lines—we must sympathise with their difficulties, and let them see that membership of our group of nations is not to be regarded as a burdensome obligation, but as a co-partnership in a great ideal. Indeed, the tendency of modern thought today has got as far as to contemplate some international state or power to which nations may surrender part of their freedom to do as they will in international affairs. Such an ideal would not mean giving up freedom, for it is of the essence of freedom that men or nations may contract as they like, just as it is of the essence of honour that men or nations will honour their contracts when made.

Restraints on the Individual

There remains to be considered the most difficult branch of this subject—the question of individual freedom. In an ideal state—in a society of angels—we should need no restraints at all, since everyone would regard his neighbour's interest and welfare as no less important than his own. But in any society we can contemplate, this is an impossibility, and for us freedom must mean, not the mere absence of restraints, but the absence of unjust, unreasonable or unwise restraints. Now restraints may be unjust because they are illegal, or, however

legal, they may still be unreasonable or unwise. So long as our judges remain independent—and in their independence lies the main bulwark of our freedom—we need no longer fear that illegal restraints will be imposed upon us. From the point of view of their legality, it does not matter whether these restraints be imposed directly by Act of Parliament, or by regulations or Orders in Council made under the authority of Acts of Parliament. Our judges may be trusted to correct and disallow Orders in Council, or regulations which do not come within the legislative powers under which they purport to be made. The imposition of unwise and unreasonable restraints, however legally imposed, is a despotism, though not a particularly new despotism. But mere restraints, unless unwise or unreasonable, do not seem to me to involve any interference with the principle of freedom. For restraints on my freedom may be designed to give, and may in fact give, a greater freedom to my neighbour. Let me give an instance of what I mean. Motorists have recently been restrained from driving their cars through built-up areas at more than 30 miles an hour. Whether this edict is a wise or an unwise one, I am not concerned to enquire, but no one, I think, would criticise it as being an attack upon freedom, and for the reason that it is plainly not an unreasonable restraint, but is made in the hope of reducing the appalling casualty list on our roads and is designed to enable persons to cross the road with safety.

Self-Regarding Acts Should Be Unrestricted

I realise the difficulty, nay, the impossibility, of defining what restraints can be considered unreasonable or unwise. John Stuart Mill laid down as his principle—and I can think of none better—that for adult people restrictions on freedom were never justified in the case of mere self-regarding acts. If a man chooses the path he wants to follow, so long as he does not interfere with others, the State is not justified in putting barriers across his chosen path. And our common law enshrines the same idea in its maxim, 'A man should so use that which is his as not to interfere with that which is another's'.

In matters of thought, in matters of religion, no restraint should ever be tolerated. Religious persecution is a barbarous survival of the Middle Ages. I had never expected to see what, alas, I do see—religious intolerance practised and encouraged in certain countries in the twentieth century. Freedom of discussion, too, should remain unrestricted. The custom of devoting a corner of Hyde Park to orators is a most valuable national institution. Steam is dangerous only when it cannot expand.

Freedom of the Press is another institution vital to our well-being. I would rather see a free Press trying to demolish my cherished ideals than see my cherished ideals supported by a Press under government regulation.

But Mill regarded trading as a social and not merely a self-regarding act, and the State had in his view a right to regulate trading without infringing any principle. An act, for example, regulating the closing hours for shops prevents customers from buying goods except during certain hours, but correspondingly gives greater freedom to shop assistants. Such legislation may, or may not, be expedient, but it does not, I think, offend against the principle of liberty.

The tendency of the age is to increase such restrictions. There is today a tendency to regulate and limit the amount a man shall produce, and when he has produced, to tell him to whom and at what price he shall sell. Thus, you have your Pigs Board, your Potato Board, Marketing Acts, Hop Controls, Coal Schemes, and other similar measures. Yet I confess I do not regard Mr. Elliot, the original begetter of many of these Schemes, as an arch-enemy of freedom. All such restrictions are concerned with trading, and not with 'self-regarding acts', and I do not think it is this class of measure which will endanger our freedom.

Importance of Valuing Our Freedom

We shall lose our freedom when, and only when, we cease to value our freedom; and for that very reason we must take care that in these days of strain and stress and difficulty we do not lose our self-confidence, or our self-reliance. Frightened animals huddle together—the herd instinct overtakes them. Weak people seek authoritative rule when danger confronts them. They long for a dictator to whom they can surrender

their troubles even at the price of surrendering everything else. This is the danger of democracy today. We suffer from the herd psychology. We accept too readily opinions merely because they are generally held. We are frightened of offending against the common form. We shrink from opinions not accepted by our neighbours. Public opinion—and only too often an unenlightened public opinion—is censorious of those who strike out a line of their own.

The way of the transgressor of the moral or matrimonial code is less hard than it was, but the way of the transgressor of the commonly accepted conventions and opinions is harder. If his sanity is not doubted, his honesty is called in question; and so there is a tendency to reduce everybody to a dull level of respectability. That is not the way for a race brought up on our traditions: and taught to observe the maxim 'Quit you like men; be strong'. In that most interesting book, *England—the Unknown Isle*, I came across this quotation:

The English mind is neither a garden in which nature is subdued to geometry, like the Latin mind—nor a primæval forest, like the Slav mind, but a park where nature retains its rights so far as they are compatible with Man's convenience.

I think this profoundly true. In our park we need no forest rangers—nor must we allow it to be arranged as a mass of neat little flower-beds. We must leave room for nature. We must each of us follow our natural bent—we must each of us develop our natural inclinations. We must each of us grow our full stature, for thus alone shall we achieve that individual dignity which is involved in the thought, 'In the image of God created He man'.

May I conclude by asking you to remember these lines from the poet Cowper:

'Tis liberty alone that gives the flow'r
Of fleeting life its lustre and perfume;
And we are weeds without it. All constraint,
Except what wisdom lays on evil men,
Is evil; hurts the faculties, impedes
Their progress in the road of science; blinds
The eyesight of discovery; and begets,
In those that suffer it, a sordid mind
Bestial, a meagre intellect, unfit
To be the tenant of man's noble form.

Pilgrimage in Ceylon

IT IS THE NIGHT of the July or August full-moon—a time of special significance to Buddhists. The scene is an ancient crumbling shrine in the heart of the forest. Nightjars and a thousand crickets chatter and whirr in the deep shade of the trees.

A bear, inky black in the moonlight, lumbers across the threshold of a once splendid rock temple. A light, sighing breeze whispers of the past as it ripples over the jungle. It is a scene of weird and overwhelming desolation. Suddenly there is the sound of subdued voices, and there, down the winding jungle path, comes a band of pilgrims bearing torches and offerings—men, women and children—they file out into the open moonlight. The torchlight flickers on the bright silks and village-made jewellery of the women-folk, as the party walks, barefooted, to the shrine of a colossal standing Buddha, hewn from the living rock which rears its crest above the surrounding jungle.

A plaintive chanting drowns the chatter and whirr of the crickets. The pilgrims lay their offerings at the feet of the great Teacher, then—palms pressed together—prostrate themselves to the earth, as they recite the Sevenfold Virtues. *Sadhu! Sadhu!* they murmur as they wander down the jungle path once more. They may have walked twenty or thirty miles.

Their candles and tapers, gently quivering in the warm night air, throw mysterious shadows over the rock-hewn features of the Buddha, gazing impassively down the centuries, which alone remain to tell you that the picture you have just seen is one that has been painted times without number since the forgotten sculptor first carved his masterpiece in the dawn of time. Far off in the gloom of the jungle, a startled deer barks wildly as a leopard stalks him on padded feet. The picture is so impressive that it never fades. You walk closer to the granite slab to see the offerings; shreds of white calico to hang on the sacred bo-tree; fruits trailing golden blossoms from the cassia tree. Simple but sufficient. A harmless grass-snake glides over the sun-warmed rock and a flickering home-made fibre wick burns in the hollow of a coconut-oil filled gourd.

F. A. E. PRICE



The Listener

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Changes in Diplomatic Methods

FEW parts of President Wilson's ambitious programme for the settlement of the world at the end of the Great War received more general lip service than his call for open diplomacy, for open covenants openly arrived at. If from the beginning of the Versailles Conference the President had himself to forswear this ideal, that was from the nature of negotiations between Governments. If final agreements were made public and secret commitments, in time of peace at any rate, were publicly renounced, nobody versed in affairs could expect the actual stages of argument and discussion to be conducted in public. It was soon apparent that the great characteristic of post-War foreign affairs was not the abandonment of secrecy, in the sense that statesmen met only in public, but the active participation of statesmen in direct conversations with each other. In itself this change involved much greater publicity. When despatches are written, nobody need know anything about it; when a Prime Minister arranges to meet other Prime Ministers on the Riviera or the Italian lakes, the event is news, journalists flock, and the telegraph wires are kept busy. It becomes necessary to talk to the Press, who otherwise will have to feed their readers on conjecture, and will be tempted to build imposing edifices on minute foundations. There exists today, after the chastening of the War, which suddenly entered the lives of everybody, as the result of generally ignored troubles in the Balkans, a considerable appetite for information about matters which used to be quietly left to diplomats. The foundation of Chatham House, the Royal Institute for International Affairs, was one post-War illustration of the new interest which had been not unnaturally aroused by the War. But it is not only from a desire to watch the sky for war clouds that people today are so generally ready to give their minds to understanding foreign countries, and that books come in such numbers from publishers to find appreciative readers. By and large, governments control currencies and

trade, individual movement and 'tourism', in a way unknown before 1914. It is now generally realised that these new conditions have come to stay, that increased government intervention, though it has many drawbacks, is, as a rule and for the country concerned, a lesser evil. Governments exist to maintain a particular national way of life and civilisation, and their first duty is not to support abstract economic principles, but to maintain the national well-being of a particular people, probably agricultural. How differently different peoples may envisage well-being has become apparent only with the quickening of national consciousness since the War. The statesmen of Europe today continually profess themselves as responsible to their peoples as men invested with a trust, and, when they come to conference, the limits within which they are free to act are fairly closely circumscribed by their positions, whether they are representatives of Parliamentary majorities or of national ruling parties.

So far in post-War Europe the dictators have supplied the continuity. It is undoubtedly a weakness of the Parliamentary system that so many men in succession, in France and to an only smaller extent in Britain, appear as Foreign Minister. In a letter to *The Times* the other day, Lord Hardinge of Penshurst, speaking from long experience, deplored the present tendency to go over the heads of Ambassadors, and to substitute for the leisurely dealings of highly qualified representatives, hurried consultations, through interpreters, by visiting statesmen with a great deal else to preoccupy them. For a long time now the position of the Ambassador has been suffering diminution. Before the telegraph he carried vast responsibilities. The telephone and telegram brought him under the immediate day-to-day surveyance of the Foreign Office and the aeroplane has made it possible for Ministerial chiefs to confer in each other's capitals at the cost of very few hours. At the same time the commercial side of foreign relations has steadily grown in prominence, and the diplomat of tomorrow is coming more and more to approximate to the efficient man of business and his tasks to the tasks of an expert secretariat. Yet it is obvious that the value of a known and trusted personality, such as an Ambassador can hope to make himself among the people to whom he is sent, was never greater than today. If it is known that anything important will be taken out of his hands and will be conducted by a visiting stranger, of superior status, the Ambassador loses the glamour which has proved in history so great an asset in his task. It is important while drawing the benefits in negotiation which come from increased mobility and easier means of communication, not to lose the other benefits which only come of long residence, local insight, and personal and familiar intercourse extended over many years.

Week by Week

THE outcry that has arisen over the fate of Mr. Epstein's frieze of statues on Agar House, purely æsthetic though it has been, raises a number of points in connection with the legal rights of artists which are both interesting and little known. The sale of a work of art does not usually pass the copyright therein, which remains vested in the artist unless expressly included in the sale; so that although ownership of the particular work of art is obtained by its buyer he has no rights of reproduction. A painting, for instance, which has been sold cannot be copied or photographed without the consent of the holder of the copyright even though it is being exhibited in a public gallery; but some modification has to be made here with regard to sculpture when it takes the form of external decoration for a public building, since although the work cannot be copied without the sculptor's consent, there is no longer any control over access to it or exclusive possession, and photographs cannot therefore be prevented. Ownership in a piece of sculpture, however, gives the buyer the right to sell or destroy it; so that he is legally perfectly entitled to sell it, say, to America, if he

pleases, or to smash it to bits. But he cannot mutilate it, or misrepresent it in the eyes of the public. If, for instance, it is a statue designed to decorate the front of his building, he cannot, if he should so fancy, turn it upside down and stand it on its head, nor can he alter or disfigure it in any other way which would be likely to bring the artist's name into disrepute. In any such case an action for libel might lie; and possibly also even if sculpture which has been designed by the artist for some particular part of the outside of a building should be moved against the artist's wishes to another position where it might be held to do damage to his reputation. There is a legal right, as in the case of Mr. Epstein's frieze, to take it down altogether, even though to remove sculpture which forms an integral part of the design of a building spoils the building; but to displace the sculpture, to take it out of its context, spoils the sculpture too, and this might again be held to bring the artist's name into disrepute. But to what extent can works of art on buildings be considered permanencies? Must the fabric, of which they form part, stay up for ever on account of its decorations, no matter how necessary its removal might be on other considerations—such as a general replanning of the street or district? Essential though they may be to the design of a building they must have, if they are works of art, an intrinsic value and beauty, too; and there is a precedent for their separate preservation elsewhere in the Elgin Marbles.

* * *

Clause 7 of this year's Finance Bill provides for the carrying out of a reform which should help considerably to stimulate the uses of the film in education. One of the barriers to the greater installation of projector apparatus in British schools has been the deficiency in the supply of educational films, and hitherto the high rate of customs duty on films has been an obstacle in the way of supplementing our national supply with adaptations of educational films imported from abroad. Recently our Government ratified the international convention adopted by the League of Nations providing for free trade in educational films between the countries adhering to the convention. The Finance Bill this year provides machinery for the carrying out of this ratification. The clause applies both to British educational films intended for export and to foreign educational films intended for import. The Board of Education is to be the authority which certifies whether a film produced in any part of the British Empire is an educational film or not. Such certification will go to the International Institute of Educational Cinematography in Rome, and will serve to enable the film certified to go into other countries free of duty. The Board of Education is given powers to appoint a body of persons to advise them in their certifying work, and it is understood that this body will be the British Film Institute. Not all countries, of course, have yet adhered to the convention, and the principle of reciprocity will apply, to ensure that the advantage of freedom from duty is not one-sided. One of the principal results of the increased international flow of educational films should be to stimulate experiment and more rapid adoption of new ideas both of subject and of technique.

* * *

The Imperial Economic Committee inherited that part of the work of the Empire Marketing Board which covered the collection and diffusion of market information. In fulfilment of this legacy, the Committee has just issued a survey of the world production and trade figures relating to meat*. It is well known that the consumption of beef is falling off; this is a general tendency which may be seen equally in the United States and Germany, in both of which countries pork has been gaining in favour; but in Great Britain the decline in beef eating which had been noticed ever since the surveys were undertaken ten years ago has now given place to a decline in pig meat and a rise in the consumption of beef and veal. What meat we eat in this country is a matter of great moment, because the United Kingdom is practically the only market for chilled beef. Now that chilled beef is beginning to be sent successfully from Canada, South Africa, Southern Rhodesia as well as from Australia and New Zealand, the competition to fill the limited stomachs of the population here is bound to grow more intense. It is not surprising that the prices of meat have generally declined ever since 1930.

Although the Empire is sending more and more, this market still takes practically the whole of the exports of chilled beef from the South American countries. The main consumers on the Continent have been taking less and less from South America, although the Italians, it is interesting to note, have transferred their custom from South Africa to South America. Although the British Empire is so vast in area and production, it is still, considered as a unit, an importer of meat, not self-sufficient either in beef or mutton or pig meat. In general, the consumption of meat throughout the great meat-eating countries of the world has declined slightly in the last ten years. Changes of diet, and the abandonment by people of those heavy meals in which meat naturally figures, have more than outweighed the increased facilities for transportation and sale.

* * *

Those mythical visitors from Mars, whose comments on British institutions are being broadcast on Friday evenings, might well be surprised to find that transport on the Thames is still dependent on tides. Though it is nearly eighty years since the first proposal was made for a dam at London Bridge, which would have created a tideless dock space above the bridges, the Thames estuary remains undammed, and the tides have not yet been brought under human control. This year a fresh effort is being made to enlist public opinion in support of a Thames barrage, and the newly-formed Thames Barrage Association has opened its campaign with the publication of a sixpenny pamphlet, entitled *Dam the Thames*. In this pamphlet Mr. J. H. O. Bunge describes the advantages that would follow the building of such a dam, and he suggests that it should be built at Woolwich, with six locks, road and rail crossings, and quick-lift, short-span bridges. The effect of a dam at Woolwich would be to give London a completely tideless river, on which craft could navigate to wharves and docks at all times, without being held back by tidal periods and tidal currents; and it is quite obvious that this speeding-up would improve the efficiency of river transport. There are other advantages, too, such as the control of the river's level from Teddington to Woolwich, the additional crossing by rail and road, the increased safety of water sports by the elimination of dangerous currents, and the exclusion from the heart of London of the large quantity of sewage which flows into the river below Gallion's Reach. The cost of the scheme is estimated at about £4,500,000. Conservative Londoners may at first be a little shocked by the idea of turning the Thames into a tideless river, but the advantages of the proposal seem to be quite considerable. Hamburg and Amsterdam are other cities which have used dams as a means of escaping from the tyranny of tides, and their example suggests that tides are not such useful possessions as some Londoners may think.

* * *

Our Scottish correspondent writes: A Committee of the Church of Scotland has been gravely considering the old, sad question of Sunday observance and has now sent to the Secretary of State a bundle of collected evidence along with what is charmingly called 'a request for his guidance as to the extent to which the evidence warrants Government action'. The Church has indeed had to learn caution in these matters. Thirty years ago the corresponding Committee would almost certainly have demanded instant and drastic action on the basis of the facts now submitted to Sir Godfrey Collins. Most of this evidence is severely practical in character. Many shopkeepers, it is alleged, are forced to open their premises on Sunday by the new force of competition, and assistants are denied opportunities of either worship or recreation. The railway companies especially are pilloried for deliberately stimulating and encouraging Sunday travel. The powers of local authorities in dealing with organised commercial entertainment on the Sabbath should be the matter of inquiry. . . . The Church has in all this certainly a case, but the drama of the episode resides entirely in its gentle appeal to civil authority for help, and its meek suggestion that a decay of faith can be partially checked by an Act of Parliament—'while recognising that the religious use of Sunday can be imposed only by the individual conscience'. On such sharp knife-edges of logic are we nowadays walking where fifty years ago the novels of Dickens were not generally regarded as decent Sunday reading.

* Meat: A Summary of Figures of Production and Trade, H.M. Stationery Office, 1s.

Foreign Affairs

British Interests in the Far East

By SIR FREDERICK WHYTE

Broadcast on May 20

ON Saturday we were reminded once more of our interest in the Far East by the announcement that the King had been pleased to raise our Legation in China to the status of an Embassy. That will help to mark the Jubilee Year for all Britishers in China. It is a compliment to the Chinese people and a sign that the British Government places a high value on good relations with the Chinese Government. It is a proof also of our confidence in Sir Alexander Cadogan, the British representative in Peking, who has deserved well of Britain in the discharge of a difficult task. And as it seems likely to be accompanied by the raising of the Chinese Legation in London to the status of an Embassy, I take this opportunity of congratulating my old friend, His Excellency Quo Tai-Chi, on becoming the first Chinese Ambassador to the Court of St. James's.

But, of course, this is no mere matter of compliments all round. When Sir John Simon resolved to advise the King to make Sir Alexander Cadogan an Ambassador, he made more than a gesture of ceremony; he performed an act of high policy, and made us aware that Great Britain has a part to play in the new drama of the Far East. In that drama, trade, diplomacy, and the struggle for power are all involved. We do not seek power nor territory: we have no desire but for peace. But, in the crisis—for there is a real crisis out there, as in Europe—created by the Chinese Revolution, which has now been in progress for almost exactly the period of our own King's reign, and by the policy of Japan, Britain cannot afford to stand aloof. British trade and British enterprise have always held a high position in China. Men of British birth have played a part in the development of that country which cannot be reckoned by any material standard. Missionaries like Christie of Mukden have left their mark on generations of young Chinese, and the names of Chinese Gordon, Sir Robert Hart and Sir John Jordan stand on the pages of Chinese history as witnesses of our abiding interest. And today, lest you think that China is too far away to matter at all to us, I will remind you that there is more British money invested in China than in any other foreign land.

What, then, is the nature of this crisis? And why does Japan, for instance, always speak of 1935 as a year of destiny for herself? You will remember that the first time I spoke to you in this new series on Foreign Affairs, four months ago, I quoted the solemn words of Mr. Hirota, the Japanese Foreign Minister, describing the position of his country at the time when she was about to cease to be a member of the League of Nations. 'The isolation of Japan and the unsettled conditions of the world', he said, 'place a greater burden on her shoulders than ever before. You, my fellow-countrymen, will need extreme caution, as well as strong determination'. There was then great tension between Japan and Russia. The conversations with Great Britain and America over naval limitation in the Pacific had broken down; the Japanese Budget, for the fourth year in succession, showed a heavy deficit, amounting to 50 per cent. of the total; the national debt of the country had very nearly doubled in five years; and there was serious agrarian depression, owing to the plight of the growers of rice and of silk. Altogether, there were many marks of crisis.

Now, since Mr. Hirota spoke in January, the pressure of the crisis has been somewhat relieved in one respect. The tension with Russia is relaxed, mainly because Russia is more concerned about her relations with Europe than her interests in Eastern Siberia, Mongolia and the Far East. And as long as the problem of Russo-German relations remains unsolved, the Soviet Government will do nothing very active in the East. In other words, while Hitler keeps Europe on the *qui vive*, Hirota has a pretty free hand on the other side of the world. This means that Japan can go on putting her new Manchurian house in order, and that she can also turn her attention to China. And so in the past four months there has been a shifting of interest

from Russia to China, in the course of which the Far Eastern crisis has begun to come home more nearly to us in Great Britain.

Take Manchuria, for instance: and read Japanese policy there in the light of her own declarations. When the Foreign Office spokesman in Tokyo says that Japan is to be the arbiter of Asia's destiny, we find the practical meaning of it in an oil monopoly in Manchukuo which will put the British and American oil companies out of business in a country of thirty million people. That is a practical illustration of the Open Door when Japan has the key. Sir John Simon told the House of Commons three weeks ago that 'the Japanese Government has failed to use its undoubted authority to ensure the fulfilment of assurances given both by itself and by the Manchurian authorities regarding the maintenance of the Open Door, and has attempted to justify action which involves a clear breach of treaty obligations'. The crux of the matter, of course, is that the Japanese Army has made up its mind to control everything that is necessary—as oil is—for the defence of Manchuria; and it leaves to the Japanese Foreign Office the delicate task of explaining, or explaining away, a policy which in fact rests on naked force.

The position today is that Japan wants the largest possible share in the Chinese market, and will use every means to get it. She is steadily endeavouring by persuasion and pressure to draw China within her orbit, and to secure from the Chinese Government an acknowledgment of her special rights as the dominant Power in the Far East. And she has already gone far towards establishing herself in that position. Ask anyone recently returned from Shanghai what the situation now is, and he will tell you that the progress made by Japan in every direction is amazing. He will tell you that he admires Japan and recognises that her achievement is the reward of a great effort, in which merchant, manufacturer and Government alike, all unite to push the national interest forward. And when you ask him what he and his fellow British traders want from *their* Government, he will say, as one of the leaders in China trade said to me last week: 'The way I see it is this. Japan is entitled to a big say out there; and, whatever we do about it, she is going to have it. I don't want an anti-Japanese policy; still less an anti-Chinese policy. I recognise that the day when Britain was top-dog in the Far East has passed; and all I can say is that if Japan is going to be top-dog we have to make sure that she leaves some room for us. Neither China, nor Japan, is going to pull British chestnuts out of the fire for mere love of us. Not only so, but if we don't stand up for ourselves, we shall find that Japan will secure concessions and privileges from the Chinese Government that will injure our business. I see all this coming. Some of it is here already. And, knowing that we must put up a fight to secure our own rights, I am glad that the British Government is showing itself alive to what is going on and has made Sir Alexander Cadogan an Ambassador. That move will show the Chinese at once, and the Japanese too, that we mean business: but we maintain that the British Ambassador's place is in Nanking, the living capital of China, not in Peking, the dead capital of the past. He must be on the spot where policy is made and decisions taken. The Japanese are already there in force, and we can't afford to have our Ambassador hidden in the pleasant seclusion of Peking, away there in the distant North'.

In substance what I have just passed on to you from my friend in China is true. And as you read between the lines of what he said, you will see that British policy today seeks equality of treatment, not any special privilege; that British merchants on the spot look for active support from London in their strenuous efforts to promote trade between China and Great Britain; and that therefore they look to you, the electors of this country, to keep a place in your minds for their concerns whenever you have the opportunity to help them.

Art

An Experiment in Art Appreciation

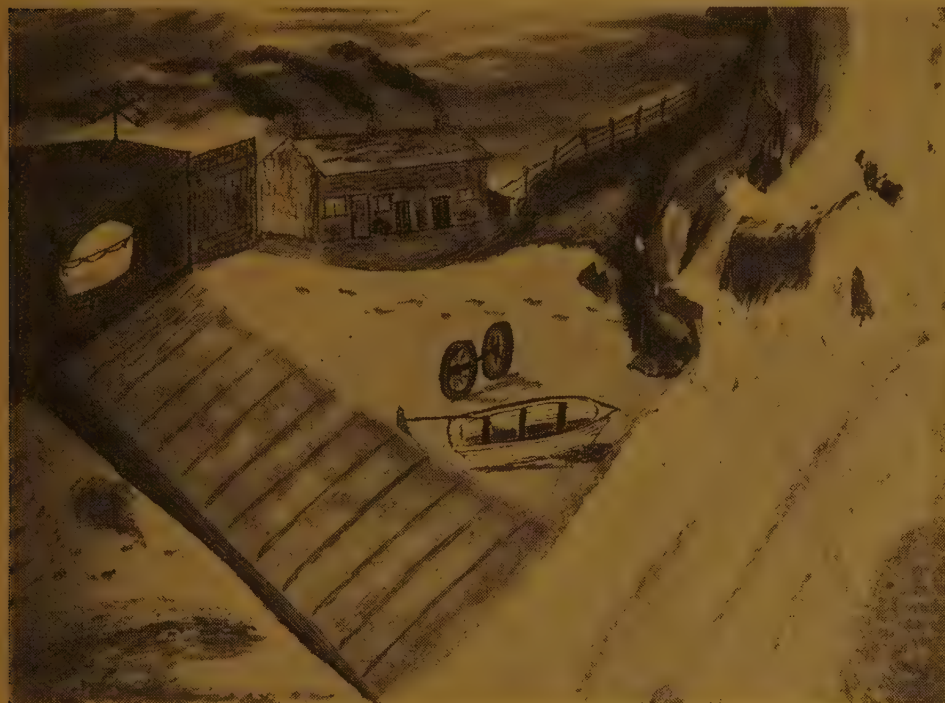
By ROBERT LYON

Mr. Lyon, who is Master of Painting and Lecturer in Fine Art at Armstrong College, Durham University, describes here the work of his W.E.A. class in the colliery town of Ashington, near Newcastle

THE elementary stages in the development of an appreciation of art are of great importance. For those who, though they have no intention of becoming practising artists, may wish to know something about the subject, several courses are available. If we ignore the man who trusts to

men associated directly or indirectly with the collieries of that district, having little or no previous experience in art appreciation. Ashington is a town of 30,000 inhabitants some twenty miles from Newcastle, and is entirely dependent on the collieries round which the town has grown. It is not a

suburb of a larger town and it does not boast of any cultural amenities other than those which are the outcome of the formation of W.E.A. and similar classes. It has no Public Library but is served to some extent in that direction by two Workmen's Institutes. The latest of these, which has been built within the last four years, does offer some scope for the procuring of books on subjects other than fiction. The nearest available examples of historic and modern art are housed in the Laing Art Gallery, Newcastle. Yet, if the resources of the locality were of the meanest order, the spirited quality of members of the class in their interest in art was inspiring. The possibility of arranging a programme was discussed by members of the class and it was decided that we should attempt an approach to the appreciation of art through some understanding of the methods and media used in the execution of various branches of art, and that we should do it through actual experience of self-expression in those media. The programme was not in any sense of the word an



Lifeboat Station: painted in body colour on cardboard by Harry Young (aged 37), colliery blacksmith

his own emotions, who 'knows what he likes', there are, perhaps, two main lines of approach. One is to study the subject historically, to learn to admire, under suitable guidance, the qualities of the great masters of the past and present, to *contemplate*, and so to form a standard of values. The other approach is to learn by *doing*, to develop appreciation through an inside knowledge obtained through actual working in the materials.

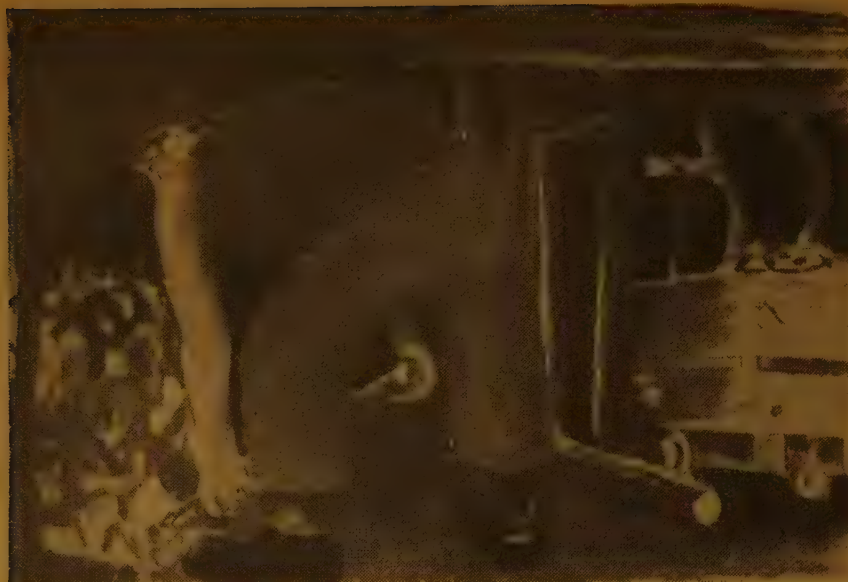
The former method is perhaps the most usual, and it no doubt has its advantages. On the other hand, the training of taste by the exclusively 'contemplative' method is a long business, and the pupil must rely on the instruction of opinion outside himself—a reliance which easily produces conventionality, timidity, and even insincerity of mind. Appreciation should be developed from within. It should not be based on a series of 'reach-me-down' opinions of others.

A start, then, I believe, ought to be made from some personal experience of our own so as better to appreciate the experience, both practical and theoretical, of others. The difficulty of taking the initial step in art-appreciation was a problem with which we were concerned in the formation of a W.E.A. class in Ashington last Autumn. The members of the class consisted of

adaptation of the normal course followed in a School of Art, or of that of the training of an artist, but one which, it was hoped, would provide the class with a creative experience, and would so help them to appreciate better the creative experience in others.



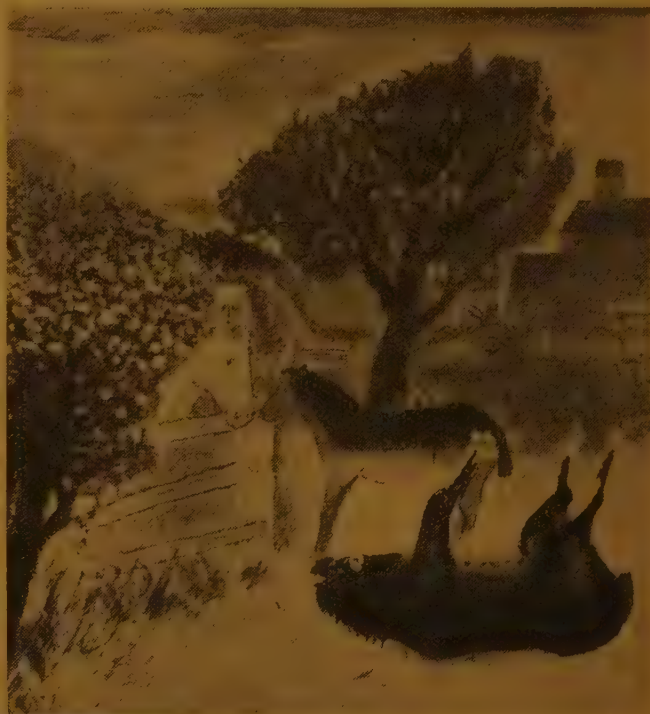
East Wind: tempera panel by H. P. Wilson (aged 36), dental mechanic



The Miner: oil painting on cardboard by Leslie Brownrigg (aged 29)

The course was one of eighteen lectures or meetings, and the procedure followed consisted of the selection of some typical examples from various periods of painting illustrating imaginative composition, design, portraiture, water-colour and engraved work. These examples were analysed separately in lecture form, and some aspect was chosen for discussion, this being followed by a demonstration of the particular medium used and by an exercise attempted by members of the class. First came a discussion on engraving; historic and modern examples of the various processes, possibilities and limitations were examined and the tools explained. For the purpose of reducing the principles of the engraved line to its elementary form, experiments in linoleum cutting were attempted and printed by the class. The selection of subject matter used for the exercise was left to the individual student, and it was readily appreciated by the class that the limitations of this particular medium called for some idea which would be capable of a simple treatment. They could appreciate, too, the restraint imposed by the medium, and the fact that simple massing and the use of the engraved line form the only means of expression. This helped them to appreciate at once these artistic qualities in the work of others. Such an understanding of the material, its limits and its possibilities, whether it be in a woodcut, a steel-engraving, or a book illustration, helps to increase in a remarkable way the faculty of discrimination in pictorial art of this nature. The same programme was followed in the intro-

duction to the various branches of painting, and while the lack of facilities prevented any very elaborate practical experiment, some of the various methods which painters used in the past were considered and explained. Experiments were executed in tempera, poster paint and oil colours on cardboard which had been previously treated with a coating of size. These exercises followed lectures and practical demonstration in some particular aspect of painting, such as portrait painting. Historic examples were selected for discussion of the different techniques used in a Botticelli, a Van Dyck and a Goya. In the demonstration the class was able to see the work in progress, and to examine the canvas, paints and brushes; they also gained some actual experience of the building up of a painting. In this way they were stimulated to ask questions not only about the various media but about the advantage in varying circumstances of one medium over another. They would ask, for instance, when tempera might be considered a more suitable medium



Pit Ponies, Sunday Morning: painting on paper by A. F. Whinnom (aged 33), a colliery clerk



Sunday Morning: another tempera panel by H. P. Wilson (aged 33)

than oil paint, why today some painters prefer to work in one medium rather than any other, and why one artist uses a heavy, full paint, and another a delicate palette. Again, during the study of examples of imaginative composition some contact with the creative minds of the artists was established, for the class began to understand the control of the medium under the hand of the artist. The idea the artist attempts to express is presented to his mind and through his control of the medium used.

I do not suggest that the perfect technician is the best artist. There is such a thing as inarticulateness, and the technician may have nothing to express. But treatment of the material is an essential part of art. Gainsborough, Rubens, El Greco, Van Gogh, might be cited as examples of artists who, working in the same medium, responded in quite different and individual ways to the stimulus and suggestion of the material.

During discussion and in practical essays

by the class, self-expression was encouraged and a more critical faculty developed through a growing appreciation of the mind and hand of the artist; discrimination between the different standards of achievement aroused their curiosity. In all practical experiments self-expression was encouraged; technical ability, some of the class possessing less than others, was not considered at all important. After the first few weeks when the course became established, the class began to produce small compositions done during the week in various media; a certain portion of the class-night was devoted to criticism and discussion, and the subject chosen for the following week's criticism. The choice of subject set for an exercise was based on the principle that it must be capable of simple interpretation and of personal experience, such as 'Sunday Morning' and 'East Wind'. As the class and the programme were only in the nature of an experiment, and time was limited, only a few of the various materials of expression could be examined. Water-colour painting was considered last, and the same principles which guided the study of the other branches of art were followed. The abuse of the medium is easier in water-colour painting than in any other technique, probably because it lends itself more readily to tricks and mannerisms. Liberties are taken with it by the experienced and the inexperienced alike, and a reference to some examples in the English School of Water-Colour Painting provides an illustration both of the respect for, and the abuse of, water colour as a medium. The class was fortunate in having the interest of Mr. Bernard Stevenson, Director of the Laing Art Gallery in its course of study, and we are indebted to him for placing the excellent collection of water colours in that Gallery at our disposal one

Sunday morning, and for his sympathetic talk on a subject about which he can speak with knowledge. The class was held in an old Army hut and the materials used, in connection with the practical experiments, were provided by the students and were by no means elaborate. Photographic plates were used as palettes, and several of the compositions reproduced here are painted on pieces of cardboard boxes and others on pieces of plywood. Subject-matter was obtained in and around Ashington, and once the class had accepted the idea that no attempt was being made to produce any work of a permanent nature, in the sense of picture making, or of a high technical standard, they gained confidence. It was this freedom which made possible the composition of the expressive and unstudied 'East Wind' which is so obviously the simple record of an emotional experience. 'Pit Ponies, Sunday Morning' also is not concerned with the technical difficulties of drawing in such a choice of subject, and in 'The Miner' the instinctive use of massive forms in a cramped space is clearly the result of a familiar experience.

The class has, for the summer, formed a small art circle in which excursions into the country are planned and some outdoor painting contemplated. The outcome of the class, apart from the work produced (which is not important compared with the aim of the course in stimulating an appreciation of art) encourages me to believe that the scheme is capable of further development, not only in Ashington but elsewhere, and in conjunction with other types of classes and organisations whose object is to develop the individual power of expression, and through expression, deeper and more honest understanding.

Broadcast Drama

Rehearsals, Kings and Cricket

DURING THIS LAST WEEK I have been watching rehearsals at Broadcasting House. A fascinating business. I always find rehearsals interesting. I like seeing other people's professional ease as they do a difficult job. I enjoy watching a play come to life before my eyes. In the theatre there are other attractions. There is all the casual friendly shabbiness of the backstage world: the slightly hysterical gaiety of highly-strung people; the mysterious sheeted cavern of the empty theatre; the strange lovely effects you get from accidents of lighting and grouping and incongruous clothes.

Rehearsals at Broadcasting House are, in comparison, rather cold and scientific. Imagine the surroundings: a small, bare room high over London; sound-proofed walls; a thick carpet; chairs of steel and canvas; a loudspeaker and a great black operating table bearing something called a dramatic control panel. The rehearsal begins. A young man fiddles with knobs and switches. The voice of the effects man is heard from the loudspeaker. They experiment until a typewriter sounds like a typewriter and not like a machine gun, until knocks on a door have the right urgency and rhythm, with explosions and the clatter of a bicycle. I begin to think that this is very much like a stage rehearsal after all. I have heard much this sort of thing when a play has a great many 'noises off'. And the producer's problem is in some ways simplified here by the fact that when he has the right *quality* of sound he can control its volume to some extent from the panel; fade it in and out as required.

But now the voices of the cast are being used and the producer is worrying about something called 'distance'. You must convey the illusion of people moving about, but they must not get less audible as they get away from the microphone. So Mr. So-and-So is told to try turning his back and raising his voice and Miss Somebody Else to move behind a screen as she says her line. Here is a difficulty a stage play does not present. But if the producer has more difficulties here, he has also more power. Actors and actresses are in soundproof studios where they cannot hear the 'noises off'. They cannot, if they are in separate studios, even hear each other. So they are dependent for their cues and therefore for the delicate business of timing on a flash of light given from the producer's panel. And they must trust the producer's judgment of the tone and volume of voice required much more blindly than they need do upon the stage. For their voices are only single elements in a pattern of sound which, during rehearsal, the producer alone can hear in its entirety.

With all this you would not expect an actor's personality to dominate a broadcast play. That it can was proved by the broadcasts of 'Richard II'. All that mattered was Mr. Maurice Evans' brilliant portrait of Richard. This was a performance as flexible and as sensitive as the character it interpreted. The part is, of course, a gift to any modern young Shakespearean actor. For Richard is entirely modern. At Oxford you can see him leading the aesthetes; in London the fashionably artistic. In the play he reveals his complex character and his shifting moods in verse so exquisite that it casts a glamour over his personality and his death seems a tragic waste. It was a pleasure to hear a play so rarely acted; and the Old Vic company have a pleasant easy way with Shakespeare. Yet the total effect was somewhat monotonous. This was, I think, partly due to the production. The background never seemed living. The tramp of soldiers was the tramp of supers on a hollow stage; the pauses were stage pauses and so long that while the gaoler let himself in and out of Richard's cell I was wondering if my set had broken down. The recent broadcast of 'Henry V' showed that Shakespeare's plays are in many ways better suited to the microphone than to the modern stage. But the scope that they offer was not used in 'Richard II'. This must be the result of using a production, however good, which was primarily intended for the theatre.

* * *

From kings to cricket. Both very English and suited to the Jubilee. Mr. R. C. Sherriff's 'Badger's Green' gives an appreciative week-ender's view of rural England; southern England; the England of the smaller gentry and village cricket matches played under the downs. The village mandarins, the Major (Mr. Gordon McLeod), the Doctor (Mr. Horace Hodges), and ineffective Mr. Twigg (Mr. Eliot Makeham) are gently and affectionately satirised. They are presented as simple types. Rather too simple, perhaps, because sometimes they seem a little simple minded as well as simple hearted. But the comedy is as neat as it is unpretentious and the clash of the three well-defined characters make it excellent broadcast material. I found myself laughing aloud (and this is a feat for a broadcast play since you lack the contagious amusement of others) during the first two acts. The third was something of a failure. In the theatre this failure was inevitable. You cannot stage a cricket match. But a broadcast play *can* be set out of doors and I was constantly irritated by the unnecessary limitations which the stage had set upon the author.

GRACE WYNHAM GOLDIE

Nature Notes

How Some Birds Learn to Fly

By CHERRY KEARTON

FROM my earliest boyhood days I have been deeply interested in flight—perhaps one reason being that my first recollection of a dream was that I could fly, and many are the times I have dreamt that I was gliding over fields, rivers and valleys. The strange part about it was that when in Africa during the War I found myself in an aeroplane with an engine that had suddenly stopped, and a few seconds later we were gliding downwards, just missing trees and rocks; it was at that moment that my boyhood dreams suddenly came back to me, and I became filled with the identical feeling I had experienced so vividly in them.

I well remember when I was about nine years old finding a pair of raven's wings, and fixing them on to my arms. Then I climbed a low stone building and jumped into the air, hoping to fly. Needless to say, my aerial adventure was short, and bruises many.

Few realise that the majority of birds have to learn to fly, and, according to conditions, this often takes a considerable time. I have found that the average person thinks that the power of a bird's flight is pure instinct, and that the bird takes to the air like a duck takes to water. This is only true to a certain extent, for the young of the majority of birds have to learn to fly just as we have to learn to walk. Most birds start to exercise their wings as soon as they can stand, and whilst in a hide-up, photographing, I have watched them for hours doing this between feeding times.

Sometimes a youngster standing on the edge of the nest would overbalance and fall on its back, disturbing in no small measure the rest of the family.

Birds that build in bushes and low trees, such as thrushes, blackbirds and chaffinches, can afford to leave the nest much earlier, because they can hop from twig to twig, practising wing flapping and then taking short flights. But these attempts at air-mastery are at first often feeble, for the young of these birds, unless disturbed by some unnatural interference, keep to the nest exercising their wings until instinct warns them that the time has arrived when they may safely launch out into the world and trust to their powers of flight. I have watched parent birds entice their young to leave the nest, and I used to think this was done when they felt unhappy at the presence of my hide-up, and suspicious of impending danger. Again, I have studied young robins, which had nested in a stone jar wedged in a tree, making frantic efforts to flap their wings, only to find they had not sufficient room to indulge in that very necessary fledgling exercise. But later on, when encouraged by their parents to leave their home, they have cast themselves recklessly into space, spreading out their little wings, only to strike the ground with a bump, and roll over with the breath knocked out of them. But ultimately, after sundry hoppings and flutterings, they have regained the shelter of a bush. If a bird is found on the ground and unable to fly, this means that human or other interference has caused the chick to leave the nest before its time, but a curious thing is that if you put it back into the nest it will promptly jump out.

With almost all British birds, wing power is more important than the use of legs. This is true from the start with cliff-breeding birds such as golden eagles, falcons and buzzards, who, at first, are very weak on their 'pins', for they can barely stand when they start practising wing development. Nature has seen to it that the instinct to fly is strong and the desire to walk correspondingly weak, which is as it should be, for, after all, there is nowhere to walk to—except disaster.

If the young chicks are handled in the nest before they are able to fly, they cling desperately to one's hands, or the nest, or any other available object. This propensity was well known and made use of by cliff men who made a living by catching young peregrine falcons. Instead of risking a descent by rope down a treacherous cliff, they would save themselves much work and risk by standing at the top of the cliff and lowering a ball of wool on the end of a line. Directly the ball of wool came in contact with the young falcons they would

throw themselves on their back and bury their sharp hooked talons into it. Being unable to draw them out again, they were hauled helplessly upside down to the top of the cliff and captured.

Fledglings, whose first flight must necessarily be full of danger, take much longer to leave the nest than the young of birds building in safer positions. For example, the brood of a swift may take six weeks to fledge, whereas young blackbirds will take wing a fortnight after hatching. This instinct of not attempting to fly



Ospreys in Scotland

sooner is well illustrated in the case of those species where the flight must be long and successful if the bird is to survive, and moreover where no practice even in the form of wing flapping is possible: I refer to the swifts, martins and swallows. It will be seen in the case of these that the non-success of the initial flight must prove almost fatal to the individual, for in these species their legs are practically useless for walking, being used only for clinging to walls, etc. Although the statement that it is impossible for a swift to rise from a flat surface has been disproved, nevertheless it is certain that in the young such a feat would be out of the question. Young swifts remain in the nest for six weeks after they have been hatched. In other words, the more flying a bird does, the longer the young take to fledge. Incidentally, birds that fly a great deal have long sword-like wings, whilst those which fly little have rounded wings. Instinct must have been very strong in a parrot I once saw, for his wings were devoid of feathers, but he spent a great deal of time waving his pinions about, and calling out 'I'll fly, so help me, I'll fly!'

It is extremely fascinating to observe the different methods of flight by various birds. For instance, the wagtail goes along in jerks which are totally different from a huge bird with sword-like wings, such as the albatross, which is a glider, and hardly moves its wings at all. But what used to fascinate me most of all was to watch the skylark, rising higher and higher, singing all the time until it had ascended so far into the sky that it had become a mere speck, and then, coming lower and lower, still singing, until within about twenty feet of the ground,

it had closed its song with a beautiful note, put its wings to its side, and dropped like a stone.

Many years ago, while standing up to my neck in water, photographing the last pairs of ospreys nesting on a dead tree on a small Scottish island, I saw the mother bird suddenly plunge headlong into the water, and then rise and shake her dripping wings over her nest containing her eggs, apparently afraid that the hot sunshine would do some harm to them. Later, I made a study of these birds when they had young ones, but although I saw them flapping their wings, they never got on to the edge of the nest. In 1910 I happened to be in New York when a doctor friend took me to Gardners Island, some seventy miles away, and there I studied a number of ospreys' nests with young of varying sizes. These nests were about five feet high, built on the sea shore, with enough material of sticks and seaweed to fill a cart. After several days I got some very interesting films of the young ospreys, some half grown and others nearly in full feather practising for flight. Now when there was no breeze they walked round without fear and in turns kept on exercising their wings, but during the afternoon a breeze sprang up and one of them immediately turned round and walked clumsily to the edge of the nest, spreading its wings full out so that the wind caught and lifted it up five or six inches above the nest. It kept jumping up and down, making it appear for all the world like a dancing doll. Apparently, they thought there was not enough room for all to practise together, so they took it in turns, a thing I have noticed with a number of other birds.

At the opposite end of the scale we have many species such as sea birds, grouse, plovers and curlews, which breed on the ground and leave the nest on the day they are hatched and are able to walk, but whose wings are so undeveloped as to preclude flight for many weeks to come. These can be seen running about like little balls of down on two short pegs. In the meantime they have to trust to harmonisation for safety before getting their wing power by practice.

Now, having told you something about birds learning to fly, I wonder if you have ever stopped to watch them in flight, and whether you realise how many of them migrate, travelling thousands of miles to far distant lands. During my travels I



Sparrowhawk feeding her young (enlarged from a film taken over thirty years ago)

Photos: Cherry Kearton

have, on several occasions, been at sea when migration was just beginning, or in full swing. I have seen hawks, owls, hoopoes, robins, swallows, nightingales and linnets all perching on the boat together. I often wondered why, if they could fly from their far away corners of Africa (for those who have not had the good fortune to see so much of that continent as I have can have little idea of its immenseness) and display that wonderful migrating instinct. What is it that enables birds to select so un-



Albatross in flight

erringly the time of year for, and the direction of, their flight? How do they find their way across these enormous distances which some of them traverse? To show what these distances are, I may state that a swallow whose leg was ringed in England just before the autumn migration was found a little later in the year flying about in South Africa. As regards the marvellous bump of locality which birds possess, many naturalists of the older school believed this to be a divine gift. Perhaps it is, for the brain of a migrating bird will be found to possess certain additional features not to be found elsewhere. Some naturalists point out that this bump is, in varying degrees, the common possession of all creatures. We humans had it once very strongly, and in some measure have it still, and savages have it to a marked degree.

On my last voyage we had many migrant visitors on our ship, but unfortunately the passengers insisted on trying to feed them and the sailors to catch these poor tired travellers. This scared them away from the ship, only to fall exhausted into the sea. This I am saying in the hope that those who travel

may hear me and will allow the little winged passengers time to recover from their exhausted state before again taking flight on their journey. One day I saw two very sad sights. The wind was blowing strongly from the land as we were coming up the West Coast of Spain. Twice, somebody frightened our feathered passengers. They flew out from the ship to sea, wheeling some hundreds of yards away, keeping pace with the vessel at first and then vainly attempting to return. But, alas! the wind was too strong for the weak little things, and it was heartbreaking to see their efforts to get back, and I really felt like jumping overboard to help them. For ten minutes the struggle went on, sometimes the little fellows making headway and almost getting to the ship, only to be swept back by an extra cruel gust of wind. I watched the little victims feebly fluttering, always sinking lower and

lower in the air, until they finally dropped exhausted into the cold sea and disappeared for ever.

The Institute of Amateur Cinematographers draws our attention to the fact that Mr. George H. Sewell, who contributed to our issue of May 15, should have been described as a founder, not *the* founder, of the Institute.

Custom and Conduct

Makers of Public Opinion

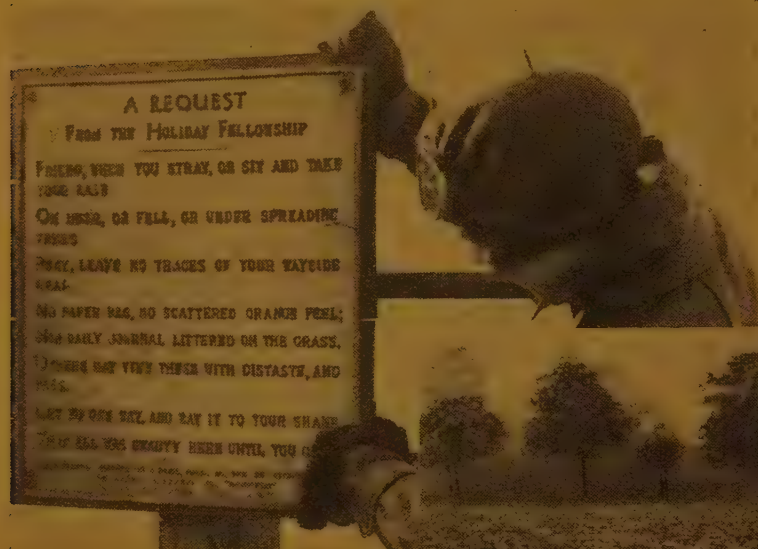
By HENRY A. MESS

A FORTNIGHT ago we were talking about 'taboos', about things which are 'just not done'; they may not be illegal, and perhaps religion does not condemn them either, and yet they are condemned—by public opinion. And therefore they are not done. Public opinion is against them and that is sufficient. Or if they are done, the doers are punished; public opinion makes itself felt, and they have a bad time. They are made to understand by look and tone and in other ways that they are disapproved of. The disapproval may show itself in coldness and avoidance, or they may be subject to ridicule, and in severe cases they may suffer ostracism and boycott, which make life extremely difficult for them and perhaps impossible in that locality. Anyone who has ever stood apart from the prevalent attitude of his set knows how cold the wind can be. Equally, public approval is a pleasant sunshine in which to bask, and popularity has a way of bringing economic and social advantages in its train. But apart from any question of approval or disapproval, public opinion has a mighty power

the institutions of the group and partly outside them. In this sense, public opinion is the power behind law; it demands that there shall be laws and that they shall be obeyed, and without the support of public opinion law and government would collapse. Similarly, the public opinion of any society, let us say a church or a trade union, is behind the rules and discipline of that society. But there is also a narrower sense in which public opinion begins where laws and regulations leave off.

Public opinion is a persuasive, and often a coercive, force of immense strength. It can bring about willing acceptance of decisions in a way in which the law apart from it cannot do. A law which has the active support of public opinion is one thing; it is kept in the spirit as well as in the letter, and those who have to administer it are given every help. It is quite another matter when public opinion is apathetic; while if it is hostile, the law is very likely to be a dead letter. It is difficult in many towns to enforce the by-laws which forbid young boys to sell newspapers in the streets; and the reason is that there is no great

strength of public opinion behind the law, and often the magistrates themselves take a very lenient view of breaches of it. So, too, it is very hard to enforce the by-laws which exist in some towns against leaving litter in the streets and public places; public opinion is not awake on that subject. And society has refused till recently to take motoring offences very seriously; it is not regarded as disgraceful to be had up for driving too fast or for driving dangerously. But there are signs that public opinion is hardening on that subject; and if so, the administration of the law will become more severe.



In spite of such anti-litter notices as that at Wrotham Hill, Kent (above), a view of Hyde Park during Jubilee Week (right) suggests that public opinion is not yet awake on the subject



over our minds. The mere fact that we come across person after person who is thinking and feeling in roughly the same way, has a tremendous cumulative effect upon us, and we readily adopt the same attitude. As we said a fortnight ago, comparatively few persons think things out for themselves; most of us accept ready-made ideas. And the doubter, unless he is very strongminded, is hypnotised by the reiteration he hears. What then, is this mighty force, this public opinion? It is the resultant pressure which comes from the thoughts and feelings of many minds, which have interacted and arrived at some similarity of outlook. Men and women have talked things over, they have thought, they have sounded one another's views, they have ruled out certain ideas and attitudes as impossible or undesirable, they have agreed that other attitudes are socially acceptable, and their common judgment, formed by the pooling of many individual judgments, is public opinion. It is not merely a matter of the intellect, the emotions are engaged also; and that is why public opinion imposes itself so forcefully on others and is often so intolerant.

There is a certain ambiguity about our use of the term 'public opinion'. In the widest sense, public opinion is the collective consciousness of a group of persons, expressing itself in approval and disapproval, and it expresses itself partly through

On the other hand, public opinion can be more stringent than the law, and it may punish offences which the law ignores. Thus, there is no law in this country against drunkenness by itself; but drunkenness is regarded with extreme disfavour in respectable circles, and the offender may be made to suffer in many ways. In the same way there is no law against adultery as such; but in many circles adultery is regarded as very disgraceful, and the offenders are made to feel that public opinion is against them. So, too, cheating at cards cannot be punished at law; but to be discovered cheating at cards may easily ruin a man's career. There is no rule that the minister of a Free Church shall be a teetotaler, but in practice the great majority of them are teetotalers, and the public opinion of the denomination demands it. There are many other cases where public opinion goes much further than the law or set rules.

The penalties imposed by public opinion can be very formidable. In extreme cases the offender may be driven from home and from occupation and be reduced to great misery.

Public opinion during the nineteenth century passed very heavy sentence upon the mother of an illegitimate child; and novels of that period, such as George Eliot's *Adam Bede* and Mrs. Gaskell's *Ruth*, depict vividly the appalling harshness with which the sentence was carried out and the mental anguish of the unhappy girls. And during the same century there were several notable cases of men of distinction having their public careers cut short or seriously injured, because they were involved in divorce proceedings; the names of Dilke and Parnell will occur to many people.

Public opinion is the opinion of a group, and it may be different in different groups within the same community; prac-



L. METIVET, in Le Rire, Paris

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REPORT OF VICTORY

"Naval triumph; several hundred women and children annihilated; great American sympathy captured!"

How international public opinion reacted to the sinking of the *Lusitania*

France—

tices which are approved by the racing fraternity would be out of place in chapel circles, and *vice versa*. One of the powerful group opinions of the past century was the Non-conformist conscience, which was essentially the Puritan judgment on current affairs. Another group opinion, which has exerted an influence far beyond its own members, is the public school code. Operating more narrowly are various professional codes: thus the doctors and the lawyers have their own etiquettes, and they make their displeasure felt by any colleague who commits breaches of them—such a breach, for instance, as a doctor taking a public appointment below the recognised scale of salary. Nations have their public opinion, which can find means of expressing itself outside the actions of the State. Thus the public opinion of many European countries was against this country during the Boer War, and this foreign disapproval was felt by us in spite of the fact that relations remained formally correct. There has been for a long time past a rudimentary international public opinion: that is to say, a judgment common to most nations as to what a nation may rightly do. Feeble as it is, and lacking means of enforcement, it is at present the only sanction of international law; for instance, there is no penalty attaching to breaches of the rules of war, such as firing on the Red Cross, except the disapproval of the rest of the world. With regard to some forms of international conduct there are stronger sanctions, on paper at least, in the Covenant of the League of Nations, but they apply only to nations within the League, and the difficulty of applying them is precisely that the force of public opinion behind them is so weak. The reading of the list of nations condemning the action of Japan, at Geneva in 1931, was an impressive appeal to international public opinion, but an appeal which failed to achieve its object.

I said that public opinion is group opinion, and that it differs very much from one group to another. I don't know whether it has ever happened to you to pass rapidly from one

group to another with a quite different outlook. It is a queer experience. For a number of years I lived in the East End of London, where most of my friends were working-class men and women, and from time to time I would go to visit my relations and friends in the comfortable suburbs. It was strange to be in another atmosphere, almost another world. How differently the two sets of persons thought and felt; how different their assumptions were, how different their perspectives; and how hard it was to resist the pressure of public opinion in both places! Arguments which seemed conclusive in the East End lost their cogency when I tried to repeat them in the suburbs. And how impossible it seemed to carry back the point of view of the suburbs to the East End; it seemed to shrink during the journey, and what was left of it wilted away when it was produced in the working men's club. Experiences such as that make one realise how much public opinion is a product of temporary and local circumstances; and, as we said of custom a fortnight ago, contacts break up the rigidity and force criticism upon us. And, of course, public opinion is in a large measure customary; certain ways of looking at things are handed down to us by the older generation. Wide experience makes for wiser public opinion, provided people have not got closed minds.

And that brings me to speak of the diseases to which public opinion is subject. One of these is what the French call *idée fixe*. A community may be obsessed by some fear or hate, and against such an obsession commonsense and charitableness beat in vain. You will remember what we said in our second talk about 'sentiments', how resistant they can be when strong emotions are involved. Well, sometimes public opinion is dominated by a strong sentiment. As illustrations may be given the attitude of the whites to the negroes in some

American states; and the attitude towards Jews in several European countries.

Idée fixe is a chronic disease; panic is an acute disease to which public opinion is liable. Panic is a sudden and vivid terror, increased by contagion from other members of the group. All gregarious animals are liable to panic; and man is no exception. Panic is of frequent occurrence in war-time or when there is danger



BRADLEY, in Chicago Daily News

The Heart of an Iceberg

America—



From La Campana de Grocia, Barcelona

THE MAD DOG

"The blood of the innocents tastes very good."

Spain

Cartoons by courtesy of the Imperial War Museum

of war. Panic is both cause and effect of economic crises. It may occur in connection with any widely shared fear. Thus there were several anti-Popery panics in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Some of my hearers will remember the panic about the white slave traffic in 1912. The mischief of panics is that they prevent the reason coming into play just



LADIES NOT ADMITTED.

Cartoon by Punch (1896). "YET HERE, Mrs. MURPHY, BUT PERHAPS YOU ARE NOT AWARE THAT THIS IS A MONASTIC ESTABLISHMENT."



Left: Cartoon from 'Punch', 1896 (by permission of the Proprietors). Right: Degree Day at Dublin University

A point on which the public opinion has changed: admission of women to Universities—

when the situation requires it most, and they often precipitate the evil which is dreaded.

A third disease to which public opinion is liable is a general lowness of moral standards. Shady practices may be known to exist, and there is no strong condemnation of them. Political corruption is notorious in some American cities, and there are English towns where public life is none too clean. Any traveller will have noticed that there are some countries in which he will certainly be cheated unless he is very vigilant, and the cheat is regarded as a smart fellow; whilst in other countries the standards of honesty are higher, and the traveller is protected by the disfavour with which any attempt to impose on him is regarded. So, too, there are countries in which vice flaunts itself and no one is shocked. And there are trades and professions which have low standards of honesty and performance.

Now let us turn our attention to a more detailed consideration of the means by which public opinion is formed. In any small community, a village for instance, where everyone can meet and talk to everyone else, public opinion with regard to the affairs of that community is formed in the main just by meeting and talking. But most modern communities are too big for this. You can't have all the English meeting and talking to one another about the affairs of England; you can't even get all the citizens of Newcastle or Nottingham or Bristol meeting one another to talk over the affairs of their city; you can't get all the doctors or all the lawyers meeting to discuss their affairs and their interests. Clearly you have to have artificial means of contact, artificial means of spreading news, artificial means of discussion.

First of all, there is the very important matter of seeing that the necessary facts are known. If the facts are not known, or if they are wrongly stated, public opinion will be misled. We need to look very carefully at our channels of information. Now by far the most important channels of information are the newspapers. Of course, newspapers do other things besides

giving us news; they give us opinion also; but their first and foremost function is to give news. There are other channels of information: books, letters, personal visits, the cinema, broadcasting; but as purveyors of news they are of secondary importance. Your picture and my picture of the world today is very largely constructed from the newspapers.

The first demand we make of the newspapers is that they shall tell us of all the events of first-rate importance which are happening. And with regard to that we are on the whole very well served. Suppression of really important news is very rare; deliberate misstatement is still more rare. But the newspapers do not only give us the news; they are of necessity compelled to make a selection of it; they cannot give us all of it; and they have to decide how much space and prominence to give to their various items. And with regard to this arrange-

ment of the news, there is always ground for personal dissatisfaction. It is so easy to distort what seems to us the right perspective; to give prominence to one set of facts, to relegate other facts to an obscure corner. The particular perspective may be chosen deliberately, to influence public opinion in a certain direction; or it may be chosen simply because those in control have themselves a different sense of values from ourselves; or it may be done from a base commercial motive, because the proprietors of the newspapers think they will get a bigger



—and one on which it has not: cheating at cards

Walter T. Spencer

sale if they tickle the idle curiosity of the public and pander to its baser tastes. Whatever the explanation may be, there is a serious disservice to the public where distortion takes place. The newspapers are the mirror in which we see the world; if the mirror distorts, we see the world as it is not.

In justice to the newspapers let us recognise that theirs is a very difficult task. Opinions will differ as to the relative importance of various happenings, and editors are continually under pressure to give space, and they have to do their work very rapidly. Many papers can be relied on to give us a very

(Continued on page 934)

Among the British Islanders

Nation in Uniform

By GERALD HEARD*

Our learned visitor from Mars turns his attention to the clothes we wear

NOTHING makes me more glad that I left these English till the last than the study of their costume. This may seem strange. Let me then tell you why. When I was among the Japanese, a well-travelled native who journeyed to study all these earth dwellers' customs and also knew the past, told me I should be wise to do so. For, said he, the English are the most perfect examples of survivals. 'But', said I, 'I thought they were so progressive. I gathered that they had led the world in scientific advance, surely they refer to you in Asia as "the unchanging East", and to the Americans as "the raw undeveloped West"? They are the focus point of progress?' He replied, 'We in Japan are careful of the past, so is China, and so is India, but because we still think we have the spirit, we are far less careful about the form. There are only two places now remaining in all the earth where you may see the really ancient conduct of life still performed; one is at a coronation of a Pope at Rome, and the other at a coronation of a King of England at Westminster!'

I was surprised then, but now I see my wise Japanese knew his world. The English care for the past more than any of the earth people. Do not mistake me, I did not find them walking the streets in the costumes their ancestors wore centuries ago. Their dress changes gradually like the costumes of other people,

but there can be no doubt they have a feeling about their clothes, and their clothes somehow express them more than any other race on earth. You can hardly have failed to notice in my last talk that the English do not express themselves easily in speech. Though they possess one of the greatest earth literatures and a language of marvellous power, they do not enjoy using it. That is because they are self-conscious and do not like putting into words what they feel, and how they feel. They dislike thinking about their ways of thinking and about their motives. In short, they trust their subconscious more than any other people. Of course the world has many savages who have never learnt to think, but I believe the English are the only people who have learnt how not to think—how to act efficiently and enterprisingly, and yet never to speculate how and why they do so. Their clothes, however, give away this secrecy and expose their disguise. At first sight you might well overlook this, for their dress is perfectly restrained; it is the very opposite of anything showy, or even distinctive. At a second glance you perceive it is too perfectly restrained. It resembles that fixed look which appears on a man's face when he wants you to believe he is not overhearing what you are saying about him.

Yet they have a motto—the mask moulds the face which wears it. And I believe they are in the main unconscious of the effort which they make to prevent themselves becoming self-conscious. To the Englishman his clothes seem just sensible, altogether reasonable, and if he wanted any confirmation of his deep sense of their rightness—which, of course, he does not—he could show that English tailoring has conquered the world. 'Would you believe it', said my wise Japanese, 'we who in-

herit a lovely and stately costume, nevertheless when we go to international meetings, put on the hideous black cylindrical coats and hats England has imposed on mankind'. That is the first thing I noticed about English male dress—its love of drab and dingy colours. It was so striking that I enquired whether there was any law enforcing the people never to appear in colours. My enquiry was smiled away. The English are free. Was it unhealthy, unlucky? No, of course not. Then why this rigid rule? One person was kind enough to tell me that it simply was not done, and behind that final defence, that shut gate leading to the sub-conscious, my enquiry was halted.

Yet obviously this dread of colour shows some fear of life—all ascetics have it. So I asked if this had always been so, and on finding it had not, I set myself to discover when this queer taboo asserted itself. I found it only dated from about a century ago.

Then there arose a prophet called Brummell. He taught—it is one of his authentic sayings—that a man is well dressed when no one notices what he has on. The aim of every gentleman then became to be invisible, and, the industrial revolution breaking out at that hour and England becoming black with smoke and soot, a man in black disappeared best into his background. And the cut of their costume is as forbidding as its colour. Their favourite hat is called a bowler. It came



'There arose a prophet called Brummell. He taught . . . that a man is well dressed when no one notices what he has on. The aim of every gentleman then became to be invisible'

into fashion at the same time as the industrial revolution. It is perhaps the ugliest head cover ever invented. It is black, of course, and so hot in summer. It is hard, it hurts the head it is supposed to protect. In wet weather it is easily damaged. For it is not waterproof. So in rain they carry another large collapsible hat on the end of a rod, over the little ceremonial hat called Bowler. Yet none of them think it odd or ridiculous. The clothes themselves are as odd as the hat. In them the English have managed, by an unconscious gift of self-torture, to combine the greatest discomfort to the wearer with the least delight to the onlooker. They neither hang gracefully, nor fit elegantly. They are plain and dull, but they are anything but simple. The human neck, for instance, carries the breath to the lungs, and the blood supply to the head, and any pressure on the neck interferes with the free working of body and mind. Yet the top of the dress has a noose called a collar. This, though of linen, they manage with a chemical called starch to make stiff and sharp, and it is then knotted and riveted round the neck. The mere putting on of this harness is a feat of such dexterity that a man without a practised hand always looks ill-dressed, and the famous English equanimity is often shattered by such failures.

Yet I must remind you there is much more in these strange vestings than the casual sightseer would suppose. I found that my Japanese was again correct. English clothes are somehow such perfect expression of subconscious style, that they have spread round the world: English dress seems to be the only habit which may unite humanity (you note they use the same word for costume as for custom). I am told there once

* Spoken by G. R. Schjelderup



'... can be put out of countenance ... should he fail to appear at an international conference in anything but the English uniform'

seemed a possibility that all the world would accept the other English habit of liberty and democracy, and their conscious devices of representational government. These things, however, have largely been swept away, but English clothes have held their own. A dictator who will execute his opponents and feel he is all the bigger man for having no Liberal weakness in so carving his path to glory, can nevertheless be put out of countenance, and made feel ill-mannered, even at a disadvantage, should he fail to appear at an international conference in anything but the English uniform. For that is what English dress has now become—a uniform subconscious uniform. I was told the English hate uniform and I noticed that their soldiers and sailors were, it is true, always trying to get out of it. Then I realised that what they hate is conscious uniform; it singles out rank from rank. Get into mufti and there you are in real uniform: all indistinguishable, completely anonymous. I believe if I returned in another fifty years, I should find them all and perhaps all humanity in bowler hats, blue serge lounge suits (again another odd word for a curiously confining jacket), and black shoes—the severest uniform ever invented. As it is, I saw one of the two variations of dress still hanging on because the English are conservative, even in consolidating uniform. Their judges, for instance, are walking mummies, at least as far as one can see. Their robes date from some five hundred years ago and so are bright scarlet, but they wear on their heads mats of bleached horsehair which date from a fashion only a couple of centuries ago, while the lawyers who plead before them wear smaller mats and black robes, because they went into mourning for a Queen called Anne who died also more than two centuries ago.

You will remark that I have said nothing about their



'If you could understand their costume, you would go far to understand their conduct and their character'

women's dress. Perhaps even a Martian male could hardly be expected to report adequately on female fashion. Certainly I have discovered that the difference of sex is even more profound than the difference of satellite. What I have noted is that the women's dress seems far more changeable than their men's and, within the current fashion, far more variety is allowed the female. Women, too, may wear almost any colour. They are

therefore the splendid sex: men the drab. This, of course, is itself very odd, for nearly all the male animals on this globe, as on ours, show splendour of coat and plumage, while the female is demure. I seem to notice, however, that women also are beginning to go into uniform—they call it tailor-made—and so they may soon come into line with their males. And this they must do if they are to follow up their husbands' conquest of the world through dress. For the Englishwoman, unlike her man, does not impose her fashions on the world. She accepts them from France, which rules in this matter. The tailor-made woman may, however, become mistress of the world of uniform fashion as her mate has become its master. The tailor-made woman is certainly the woman who competes with man in all his work and feels herself his equal. Does this change of dress indicate that she intends to throw off every handicap her nature imposed and her costume accentuated? I am not sure, but I am certain that in the strange dress of the English, in their stranger sub-conscious attitude towards it, and in the way that it is



'... very odd, for nearly all the male animals on this globe show splendour of coat and plumage, while the female is demure'

Drawings by R. S. Sherriffs

conquering the world, there lies a world mystery. It is all the more important because though they observe their rules so precisely, there is no penalty attached to the breaking of them. Indeed they would laugh at you for saying dress is all-important to them. I do not pretend to be able to solve the secret of this state of mind, but I am convinced that not only is no picture of the English complete without their clothes, but that if you could only understand their costume, you would go far to understand their conduct and their character.

Yeoman's English

AS LONG AS THIS country possesses a rural population which obtains its living from the lahd, a certain amount of dialect will remain and I do not think anyone would wish otherwise. Whether it is the close contact with the soil, or the living in spacious surroundings, or having time to think in his daily work, which makes the countryman adopt a broader form of speech than the townsman, I do not know, but that he does do this and that he always will do this I am convinced. You may send a boy to a public school and then to a university, but if, after this education, he farms all his life, by the time he is forty his speech will have broadened considerably and a good many dialect words and expressions will have crept into it.

A. G. STREET

RADIO NEWS-REEL MAY 20-26

A pictorial summary of the week's news, drawn from the broadcast News Bulletins



ABYSSINIA

This is a photograph which has recently come from Africa, of munitions and war materials being transported into Abyssinia.

At the beginning of last week the tension between Italy and Abyssinia was still acute. Negotiations began in Geneva on Tuesday and by Friday an arrangement was provisionally reached between M. Laval, Baron Aloisi and Mr. Eden. Signor Mussolini, however, refused to accept the formula, and it was not till after midnight on Friday that an agreement was eventually negotiated.

By this agreement Italy and Abyssinia will each appoint two arbitrators, and these four will together appoint a fifth. If they cannot agree on the fifth by July 25, or if the five cannot reach a decision by August 25, the League Council will meet and discuss the position.



FIRE AT HANDCROSS PARK, SUSSEX

The fire broke out shortly before 1 o'clock on Thursday afternoon and burned for four hours.



BRITISH INDUSTRIES FAIR

The Prince of Wales flew to Birmingham on Thursday, and spent nearly two hours going round the British Industries Fair there. He is here seen watching a giant digger at one of the two or three hundred stands which he visited in the course of his tour.

WINDJAMMER: L'AVENIR

About three months ago the wheat ships, the only windjammers now doing a regular trade, sailed from Australia for this country. The first to arrive was the big German four-master *Priwall*, which sailed into Queenstown on May 16. *L'Avenir*, shown on the left, arrived at Falmouth on the following Sunday, and an Australian girl who made the voyage in her, spoke of her experiences over the wireless last Thursday.

Hitler's Speech

The Reichstag convoked at 8 p.m. on May 21 to hear Herr Hitler's declaration on foreign policy.

The Führer began by emphasising his own personal responsibility, and the value of a frank and authoritative statement in a world filled with fragmentary and divergent rumours of private conversations. He stressed Germany's need for peace in order to realise the aims of the National-Socialist Government. 'I now hear from an English statesman', he said, 'that assurances of peace are nothing, and that only the signature of collective treaties gives security. I ask Mr. Eden to consider whether this is an assurance. It is often easier to sign a treaty with inner reservations for a final examination of its character when the decisive hour comes, than publicly to acknowledge a policy which rejects the pre-supposition of war'.

Herr Hitler then proceeded to elaborate German foreign policy under 13 heads. Germany rejected the Geneva Resolution of March 17, he said. She rejected also those—



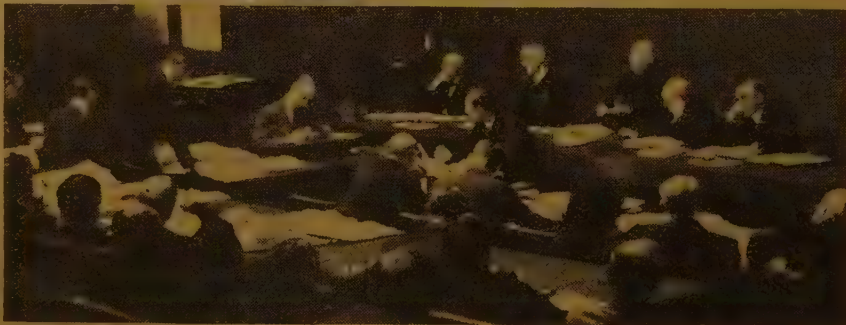
CHELSEA FLOWER SHOW

The King and Queen visited Chelsea Flower Show for the opening day on May 21. After a week-end of rain and wintry temperatures the weather improved just in time. The demand for space this year broke all records, and the famous big tent had to be supplemented by smaller ones for roses and orchids and plants. Besides many exhibits grown in this country, there were several rare entries from abroad.

—paragraphs of the Versailles Treaty which constituted a discrimination against the German People for an indefinite period. But she would scrupulously observe all treaties which were voluntarily signed, the most valuable of which was the Locarno Pact. The way must be kept open, however, for treaty revision; and it might be possible for the moment to move only very gradually towards European collaboration.

Germany had announced the extent of her re-armament, and to these figures she would adhere: a conscript army based on one year's service, air parity, and a navy equal to 35 per cent. of the British Navy. She was willing to negotiate an Air Locarno; to agree to do away entirely with certain kinds of warfare (including eventually all bombing from the air), to give up such aggressive weapons as heavy tanks and heavy artillery, to limit the size of warships and the calibre of their guns, and to abolish submarines—provided in each case other countries would do the same.

The last two points were concerned with propaganda, and with the interference of one State with the internal affairs of another; and the speech ended on another eloquent declaration of the need for peace:



USWORTH ENQUIRY

The first of a series of public enquiries into the loss of four steamers last winter opened in Guildhall on May 20 before Lord Merrivale, the Wrecks Commissioner. The ship concerned was the *Usworth*, and the questions discussed turned largely on the manning of the vessel and the efficiency of her steering gear.

DUKE OF KENT IN SCOTLAND

On May 21 the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland opened with the Duke of Kent as Lord High Commissioner. Before the opening the Duke held a levee at the Palace of Holyrood. The photograph on the left shows him inspecting the guard of honour in the Palace Grounds. There was something of a sensation at the Assembly, when the Joint Clerk read a private letter from the King to the Duke of Kent, which was handed to him instead of the King's customary message to the Assembly. In his speech the Duke drew attention to a situation unique in the ecclesiastical history of the realm: 'when two brothers, sons of a Scottish manse, at the same time occupy respectively the Chair of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland and that of St. Augustine at Canterbury'.





TREBLING THE R.A.F.

On May 22 in the House of Lords the Secretary of State for Air announced the plans for expansion of the Royal Air Force:

'By March 31, 1937, that is at the end of the next Financial Year, the strength of the Royal Air Force based at home, irrespective of the Fleet Air Arm, will be 1,500 first line machines. This compares with an actual first line figure of 580 machines at the present day (excluding the Fleet Air Arm) and with a total of 840 which we should have reached by the same date under the programme of expansion announced last July and provided for in the current air estimates. In short, we are nearly trebling the present strength of the Royal Air Force at home today'.

The photograph shows three of the new *Gloster Gauntlets* at Buxford.

GUILDHALL BALL

Below is a photograph taken in Guildhall on May 22, when the King and Queen attended a reception given by the Lord Mayor and Corporation of the City of London.



AIR FORCE CRASH

Wreckage of the R.A.F. plane which crashed on the L.M.S. main line north of Harrow on May 20. The pilot, Flying-Officer Johnson, escaped by parachute, landing on a sports ground at Hatch End.



EPSTEIN STATUES

Above are three of the statues which were executed by Mr. Epstein for the British Medical Association's Headquarters in the Strand. When the premises were bought recently for the Southern Rhodesian Government, it was announced that the statues would be removed. An appeal was thereupon published for their preservation in their present position. Sir William Llewellyn, the President of the Royal Academy, declined to sign the appeal, on the grounds that it was impossible to keep his personal attitude distinct from his official position, and this refusal has provoked two resignations: Mr. Epstein's from the list of candidates for the Royal Academy (from which, it appears his name had already lapsed in 1925) and Mr. Sickert's from membership of the Academy itself.



SCANDINAVIAN ROYAL WEDDING

Princess Ingrid of Sweden was married to the Crown Prince of Denmark in the Stockholm Cathedral on Friday. The Crown Prince was in the full dress uniform of a Lieutenant-Commander in the Danish Navy, and the Princess wore a simple wedding dress of pure white satin and magnificent *Point de Venise* lace.

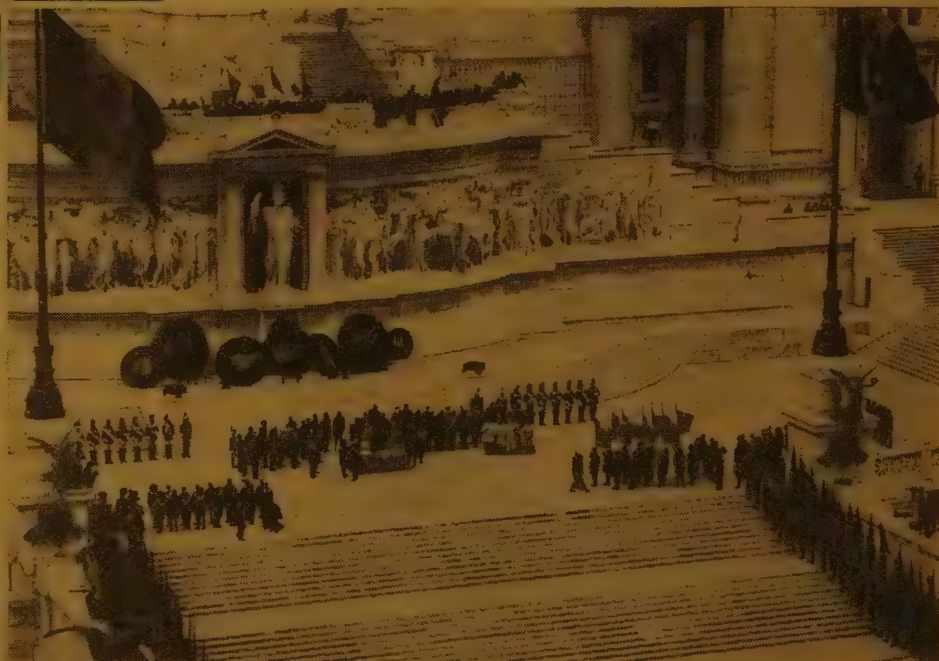
The service, which was conducted by the Archbishop of Upsala, was half in Swedish and half in Danish. At the exact moment at which the royal couple, one after the other, pronounced the 'Ja' which, in the Swedish ceremony takes the place of the English 'I will', the guns of naval batteries and warships boomed out in salute, and they were heard plainly throughout the rest of the service.

In the evening the Crown Prince and Princess left Stockholm on the Royal yacht and arrived at Copenhagen early on Sunday afternoon.



IN THE ALBERT HALL

The King and Queen in the Royal box at the command performance of music by British composers, which was held at the Albert Hall on Empire Day, May 24.



CELEBRATIONS IN ROME

While the negotiations over the Abyssinian dispute were in progress in Geneva, Italy was celebrating the twentieth anniversary of her entry into the War. The picture above shows the ceremony of the presentation of flags to the 19 new regiments formed to replace those sent to East Africa.

DELIUS BURIED IN SURREY

The English musician Delius, who died in France last June, was buried in England, in the village churchyard of Limpsfield in Surrey, at midnight on Saturday.

The next day, with the grave still open, the burial service was held. Close on a thousand people crowded into the little graveyard—famous musicians, painters and men of letters who had come to honour the memory of a great fellow artist. There was a performance of Delius's music in the old fourteenth-century church, and afterwards Sir Thomas Beecham delivered an oration by the grave side.



Danubian Clues to European Peace

Effects of Balkan Nationalism

A Discussion between GEORGE GLASGOW, DAVID MITRANY, and C. A. MACARTNEY

GEORGE GLASGOW: From the earlier talks in this series, you will have gathered that not only was it a growing nationalist feeling which proved fatal to the old Austria-Hungary, but that the same sort of inflamed nationalism now prevents the harmonious co-operation of the new post-War States. You may have been led almost to suspect that the political uncertainties of the Danubian region are due wholly to the possession by those countries of a particularly large share of original sin in the form of nationalism. But that view, I think, is unfair to those countries. In one form or another nationalism of the kind bred by fear is a characteristic of the political life of almost every country in the world today, and Danubian nationalism differs from that of most other countries only because it is subject to a greater number of exciting causes. Where you have in place of a single huge Empire a whole series of new States, none of which is quite happy about the security of its frontiers, or the intentions of its neighbours, there is a constant tendency on the part of politicians to keep nationalist sentiment strong as a stimulus to national unity. Where political systems are weak, passions run high, and moreover there is something more than a tendency for the stronger Powers to exploit the resultant confusion in their own interests. And whereas, if left to themselves, the Danubian States might find some stable method of living together, it is almost impossible for them to settle down when their geographical position combines with their political conditions to make them a playground of the interests and ambitions of the Great Powers. In addition, therefore, to what one may call their own original nationalism—that is, the fear and jealousy they feel of each other—they find themselves driven from pillar to post by the still greater pressure of outside nationalism. They have little chance of solving their own problems when high diplomacy in Europe is so constantly concerned with the military implications of their territories. A glance at the accompanying map makes clear why Germany, if she penetrates militarily or politically into Austria, whether or not she goes further and penetrates into Hungary, at once excites the combined fear and hostility of Czechoslovakia, Rumania and Yugoslavia, as well as of Italy. If on the other hand Italy penetrates, be it never so peacefully, into Austria and Hungary, and flanks the movement by crossing from the heel of the peninsula into Albania, she in her turn excites the combined opposition of those same three Danubian countries, with the addition this time of Germany. The Little Entente countries, in short, are automatically driven from one camp to the other according as Germany or Italy makes the running.

It is precisely this unsettlement, this lack of freedom to live their own lives, that makes it difficult for them to calm down, and explains why their politicians must cultivate a huge emotional backing in their own countries in order to face any crisis. Mitrany, I think, would endorse this general analysis:

DAVID MITRANY: On the whole I agree with that. I do believe, however, that things would greatly improve if those young States were left to themselves. Look at the way Bulgaria and Yugoslavia have been getting on in the last few months. Ever since the Second Balkan War they have been at daggers drawn, and Press and politicians in each country baited the other ceaselessly and furiously. And then suddenly, the thunder changes into a lark's chirruping. First the late King Alexander visited Sofia, last autumn, where he was received with boisterous enthusiasm; and since then there has been an endless to and fro of visiting and fraternising—politicians and journalists, priests and students, writers and teachers and school children. And all that in a few months, after years of wild quarrelling—surely a perfect illustration of how artificial is much of the nationalist fury of Press and politicians.

And, by the way, this also illustrates another kind of interference—that of perhaps well-meaning but meddlesome outside friends. While King Alexander was in Sofia a letter appeared in a leading London paper saying that it was nice to see the two Kings meet as friends, but the writer hoped that

the Macedonian issue would be kept to the fore. And that at the very moment when the two countries had at long last decided to look upon the poisonous Macedonian issue as dead and buried! Ever since Gladstone, people in this country have shown much friendly interest in the fate of the Balkan peoples, but, unfortunately, many of those who do so champion one people or another, and with all the uncritical fervour of converts. You have pro-Bulgars and pro-Serbs, pro-Rumanians and pro-Magyars, each assuring his pet nation that they are the salt of the earth and their opponents the devil's brood. And so these drawing-room champions, instead of using their



Map showing German and Italian penetration in Central Europe

influence to foster tolerance and a spirit of live and let live, encourage rather an aggressive self-righteousness, which stiffens nationalist ambitions and makes co-operation less easy.

But this by the way. It is of course the interference of outside governments and interests which keeps the Balkan peoples divided. The ambitions and intrigues of the Powers have been the pepper in the Balkan stew—and the minorities have had to swallow it. The interest of Tsarist Russia in the Christian peoples in Turkey was always a means of preparing her own expansion, and the knowledge and fear of this made the Turks suspicious, resentful and brutal towards their Christian minorities. Or take what is happening now to the German minorities in that region—they have become Nazified under the stimulus and with the aid of the movement in Germany, and this is making the Danubian governments suspicious of and less tender towards their German subjects. Habsburg policy was no better. Years ago when Serbia and Bulgaria wanted to set up a joint customs union, it was Austria-Hungary who stepped in and prevented it. Likewise things might have been easier on the Danube if France and Italy had left those countries alone after the War. The Balkan peoples are no angels—I come from there, so I know—but they have many traditions and interests in common, and they have always tended to form some common grouping. Now again they have made a fine effort in the Balkan Pact, yet many people in Greece are anxious about it. Why? Not because they do not think it a good thing, but because they fear that it might displease Italy. I tell you the common idea, so readily accepted even by some historians,

that the Balkans have been a danger to Europe, is an utter perversion of history. Whether it was the old British policy aiming to maintain the integrity of the Ottoman Empire, or the Russian and Austrian policy aiming to break up that Empire so that they may step into its shoes, and so on, always it has been the doing of the Powers that has stood in the way of peaceful progress in south-eastern Europe. The truth is, to put it bluntly, not that the Balkan problem is or has been a danger to Europe, but rather that the European problem has always been, and remains, a danger to the Balkans. I think Glasgow would grant that, but what about you, Macartney?

C. A. MACARTNEY: Of course it is true that the Western Powers have different interests on the Danube and that their influences often clash, but I think that both of you are quite off the mark in suggesting that everything would be plain sailing but for outside interference. I am not sure even about what Mitrany said with reference to Macedonia. Even if both Bulgaria and Yugoslavia gain by burying the Macedonian question, what about the people buried, the Macedonians themselves? I am not altogether prepared to regret that they should have one champion left.

After all, the idea of nationalism is not strange to the Danube. In so far as the theory of national self-determination in the sense that the sovereign power should reside in the people and not in some imposed authority, first came to fruition in England, France and America, and by so doing aroused the hopes of the peoples further East—to that extent one can speak of a Western importation. But the identification of nationality with the personal bond of language or religion of which I was talking last week is native to Central Europe; it is a natural conception, born of the local circumstances and history, and needed no watering. It is true that the special ambitions of this or that nationality have been fostered by foreign powers for their own ends. But this is simply an adaptation to circumstances of the ordinary policy of alliances. If State X in the West wishes State Y in the East to be strong, and if State Y is founded on a national basis, X will naturally foster Y's national feeling. It would be a very good thing to remove outside interference in so far as it aggravates nationalism on the Danube, although that is something of a counsel of perfection, since it is quite certain that the Powers are going to remain interested in the Danube. Perhaps, too, it sounds better than it is, for the noble slogan 'the Balkans for the Balkan peoples' has a knack of turning into 'the Balkans for one particular Balkan people'. But in any case what is really needed is to get rid of the perversions of nationalism itself, not by suppressing it, which all history has shown to be impossible, but by letting it flow in its proper channels. Don't you agree, Glasgow?

GLASGOW: I agree that the more of the peculiarly Danubian problems you can solve the better, for with more stability you would get fewer causes for fear, and its nationalist counterblast. For instance, if there could be developed anything like economic co-operation, let alone unity, among those countries, life would be the quieter and the more prosperous, but in this respect it looks to me as if the problem is far from being solved. The old Austria-Hungary was certainly crumbling from political causes, and in my opinion the new Central Europe is a vast improvement on the old, but the old system did embrace an economic and financial unit. Now it is a first essential to trade that it should have no political barriers put against it. Each of the five Danubian countries needs goods, produce or services from each of the others just as much as it ever did. Yet since the War the politicians of those countries, driven by nationalist motives, have made it difficult for trade, produce or services to pass the frontiers. The odd thing is that the politically-minded people are often not only ignorant of economic or financial affairs, but are proud of their ignorance and rather despise so material a point of view. In the Danubian countries even more than elsewhere governments are engaged in the attempt, by artificial means, to ensure a surplus of exports over imports, in total defiance of the obvious fact that a surplus for one country necessarily implies a deficit for another. The break-up of the old Empire on nationalist political grounds—on grounds, if you like, of democracy, or nationalist self-determination—has in practice involved the breaking-up of an existing machinery of trade relationships. An alternative machinery must be made available before there can be any hope of general prosperity or permanent peace.

MACARTNEY: You are certainly right there, Glasgow. Of course, the trouble is that the principle of 'one language one State' does not work out in terms of economics in south-eastern Europe. Albanians and Kutzo-Vlachs apparently like to live exclusively on the tops of precipitous mountains; Magyars, for choice, in enormous flat plains; Jews, only in towns; most Slavs, anywhere except in towns. When you combined peoples possessing these various idiosyncrasies into huge mixed areas, as was done before the War, you got quite good results. The old Austria-Hungary formed a very reasonable economic unit; two of its sub-divisions, Bohemia and Hungary, even better ones: whereas most of the National States of today are economic monstrosities. This would not matter if they would co-operate closely enough in economics, but that is the one thing which they resolutely refuse to do. On the contrary, each shuts itself off from its neighbours; agricultural countries run up factories and laboriously import raw materials and fuel at great cost, in order to make something which they could import at one-third of the price from their neighbours; industrial countries try to fatten cows on pastures only fit for goats, and goats on a diet of stones and tin cans. Why do they behave like this? I don't agree that they despise economics or fail to understand them; they understand them only too well, and they are so frightened that economic unity would revive the desire for political unity among their electors, that, rather than risk that, they cheerfully watch the standard of living of the entire population go down. Surely, Mitrany, this is the best proof of what I was saying last week, that you will have to go a step beyond the present so-called National State, and get on, or back to, a different conception of the relations between Nationality and State.

MITRANY: No doubt of it, this latter-day economic nationalism is simply slow economic suicide. But when you say that the old Habsburg Empire was a fine and sound economic unit you are judging, or rather misjudging, from appearances and not from reality. The old Empire was raked by intense economic struggles, the minor nationalities trying to escape the economic domination of Vienna and Budapest as much as their political domination. Therefore they set up banks with a national character and with essentially nationalist functions; the Zivnotenska Banka, *e.g.*, was even before 1914 the leading bank in the Czech territories. In the rural regions there was an equally fierce competition, each nationality striving to extend its own holdings in land; so much so that the Hungarian government had to provide large public funds to prevent big Magyar estates falling into Rumanian hands. And so in trade and industry, not only ordinary competition, but extensive if disguised boycotts; for example, the famous Tulip movement in Hungary, whose members were pledged to buy only Magyar goods. Indeed, it was not always disguised: on the doors of many an office in Budapest you could see a notice—'Austrian commercial travellers not admitted'.

And while everywhere else the great emergency of the War made the country more of a unity, in Austria-Hungary it had the very opposite effect. Every nationality used the War as an opportunity to entrench itself against the economic power of Vienna and Budapest, and the two ruling groups in the Empire were foremost in this economic stampede. Long before the end of the War, Austria and Hungary had practically separated economically. The Hungarian government formally treated Austria as 'foreign territory' for customs purposes. They refused to Austria supplies which they sold to Germany; while Austria smuggled wheat out of Hungary in submarines plying on the Danube.

What you might say is that Austria-Hungary *could* and *should* have been a real economic unit—and things might have turned out very differently then. But in fact it was seething with internal economic conflict which came to a head during the War, so that the Empire no longer existed as an economic unity long before the military collapse. And so the post-War restrictions of the new States are just an intensified continuation, on a larger scale, of the old struggle for economic emancipation within the Empire—intensified also by the economic nationalism which is rampant everywhere, and which has got mixed up with ideas of political independence and of national defence. In this sense, at any rate, I think Macartney is right when he says that people will stand much economic hardship if that is the price of their political aspirations.

MACARTNEY: When you say that Austria-Hungary could have been an economic unit, you seem to me to be giving away your whole position. It was not the economics that wrecked the Monarchy, it was the politics. Because the peoples were politically unsatisfied they were willing to throw away even economic advantages. And since the Danubian peoples do appear to feel like this, I think myself that there is a very strong case for frontier revision in those cases where compact populations were separated off from the majority of their kinsfolk on economic grounds, as was done, for example, in places round the frontiers of Hungary. If you are really going to follow out the principle of 'one language one State', you had better do it as consistently as possible, and reduce the number of the minorities to a minimum. Then perhaps people would see how untenable the whole proposition is, and they would be forced to come to terms with each other. If the Peace Settlement has only intensified the situation, as I quite agree, then one had better intensify it still further, till it reaches melting point.

There will never be peace until you take the political implications out of the idea of nationality. Members of different nationalities do not necessarily hate each other, nor deny each other's right to national existence. There are villages in the Balkans even today where Slavs, Greeks, Turks, Vlachs, and Jews live side by side, all on excellent terms with each other. To take an extreme example, everyone admits the right of the gypsies to call themselves gypsies and to behave as gypsies—within the limits of the law—but then the gypsies are not claiming a right to form a National State of their own, at other people's expense. I wish that the other nations would go and do likewise. Once this problem of the National State is out of the way, it will be possible to get down to the question of good government, which matters far more in the long run.

MITRANY: Ah! now we are coming down to bedrock: I agree, the question of good government is fundamental—so fundamental, that without it any mere redrawing of frontiers would not bring us nearer to peace. Minor rectifications would be fair and useful, but that would still leave those far more extensive regions where the nationalities are so mixed that they cannot possibly be sorted out. But to my mind that very mixture is a witness and a hope of a better way to peace—it shows that below the agitated political surface the mass of

the people know and practise the simple wisdom of good neighbourliness. If the nationalities really had an ingrained hatred of each other, how could you explain the startling tolerance of that village near Ochrida, where, half the people being Catholic and half Greek Orthodox, they worshipped alternately in each other's church, because they could not afford to keep two priests at the same time? If their passions are so natural and unrestrained, why have their governments to keep up a continuous nationalist propaganda, with drums and flags and trumpets, and look upon every expression of goodwill as criminal and treacherous?

No, I truly do believe that much of that nationalist heat is artificially produced. But that does not make it less damaging to the peace and wellbeing of everybody concerned. And so the real test of any policy of intervention or abstention is whether it helps to bring about, not the perfect frontier, which is both a delusion and an impossibility, but that common everyday friendship of peoples who have got to live together, no matter where the frontier happens to be drawn. The talk about revision merely obscures the real issue, which is a matter of good government rather than of self-government. What matters is not the revision of a dead line on the map, but the revision of the living reality—of conditions of life all round, and of the methods and habits of government towards the minorities, so that they may feel that the State does unto them as it wishes them to do unto the State.

GLASGOW: The upshot of the discussion seems to be that the three of us are agreed that nationalism does play a dominant part in the affairs of the Danubian peoples. We disagree on both the effects and the causes of nationalism. But listeners will at any rate have been given an illustration of the practical problems presented to Danubian statesmanship today by the fever of nationalist sentiment, whether indigenous or deriving from the outside. The irony is that, the old Central Europe having been broken up or having broken down, the separate entities, despite the improvement in many ways resulting from the change, have to face the job of getting together again in a new form. Dr. Benes has already made proposals to that end, and I imagine that Macartney as well as Mitrany would agree that the recent and still existent economic and financial depression, by virtue of Shakespeare's famous definition of adversity's uses, is having an encouraging effect in that sense.

The American Half-Hour

Education on Two Sides of the Atlantic

An English schoolmaster surveys American schools and colleges; after which Alistair Cooke exchanges his views on Yale and Harvard with those of Paul Engle on Oxford and Cambridge

Arranged by ALISTAIR COOKE

COOKE: Briefly, this is how you go to school in America: If you're rich you start by going to a kindergarten. Everybody else goes to public nurseries where your parents pick you up when they are through with their work. At the age of about six, rich sons and daughters may go to a private school. But most children in the United States, whether rich or poor, go to the public schools—what we should call elementary and secondary schools. Here their classes aren't called standards or forms—they are called grades. You enter the first grade and by the time you're about 14 you are in the eighth grade. Most boys and girls stay on for another four years in the same school, but this four years is called high school. When an American boy says he is in his first year high school, he is still at the same school but he has started on the last four years of school, the years which are to prepare him for a job or for the University, which he calls college.

Here is Mr. C. R. Spencer, who has been back in England a year after two years in America studying education, giving to an American a sketch and an impression of American education.

AMERICAN: It's pretty rare, I guess, for an Englishman to see the insides of our schools. What did you think of them?

SPENCER: I can't say I've often admired the school buildings themselves, not to look at anyway. There was usually too much Gothic about them—battlements, depressed arches, vacant shields, Latin tags and so on. But I did admire the layout of the buildings. They function well. You've got architects who

specialise in school architecture, who know that a well-planned building saves time and money and trouble: and keeps the people in it healthy and, incidentally, working well. We're short of school architects like that.

AMERICAN: Uh-huh. Well, now, what's your first impression as a European of our public education?

SPENCER: First, I came to realise that in the United States you really have what we have not—a genuine social democracy, not a political democracy. Socially your yard measure is the ordinary American citizen. So when you think about educating your children you don't think about the richer, the cleverer, as though they might be better investments. But you design your schools for everybody, for all American children alike, and if the rich or fastidious want to make special arrangements for their own children, that's very much their own affair. In big cities more than three-quarters of the boys and girls between the ages of 14 and 18 are in high school as the natural place for them to be.

AMERICAN: But aside from school work, what effect do you think this has on the average American?

SPENCER: To an Englishman a very startling effect. It means that the average American in the street—the man who cleans your car, the salesman in a shop, your street-car conductor, is a better informed man than the same man here.

AMERICAN: Yeah, I guess that's the reason why we are always puzzled by the way English people stay put with their own



Three American Universities: (above) Virginia, Charlottesville; (left) Stanford, Palo Alto—the cloisters and part of the campus, from the memorial chapel; (right) an early nineteenth century print of Harvard

Walter T. Spencer

E.N.A.

class and think in terms of their own little set of friends . . . you know in England you can get a pretty good idea of a person's social standing by knowing the places he eats. That would be impossible and ridiculous in America. You must remember that when the West was being developed, small towns were set up in huge and empty lands by pioneers who had to work the skin off their backs just to get food and keep sheltered. Rich people and poor made sure that a schoolteacher was brought along, and the site for the schoolhouse was the first one allotted. Our schools in the West are far more democratic than in the East, than, for instance, in Boston with its Latin school for the clever boys. In the West, nearly everybody—the banker and the salesman, the street cleaner and the iceman—sends his children through the public schools and thinks no more about it. He'd have to pay anyway, wouldn't he?

SPENCER: Yes, indeed, free, tax-supported public education is an enormous undertaking. It costs nearly \$70, that is £14, a year for each child in the elementary school, about £28 for each student in the high school, and £100 for each student at a State University. And you have more than 21 million children in public elementary schools and about 50 million in the high schools. You're lucky to have natural wealth to support the system, if indeed you can go on doing it.

AMERICAN: Tell me how you think this democratic belief in education affects the outside world. How is it different over here?

SPENCER: There are two effects that struck me. First, you believe that public education can have a radical effect in changing the structure of society. That may be the reason why you are so mortally afraid of propaganda in schools, so that teachers dare scarcely express themselves on any important topic of the day for fear that William Randolph Hearst or some other red-baiter should accuse them of being un-American.

AMERICAN: Sure. I guess that's because we believe that the sort of schools we have and the sort of things we teach will greatly influence our future history, because, I guess, we give much more study in schools to the contemporary world than you do here. But what was your second point?

SPENCER: This—and it is one of the most vital as well as the most typically American things about your schools: that since the schools are for everybody you have had to teach all sorts of subjects that we shouldn't dream belonged to a school.

AMERICAN: Yeah, I've noticed a lot of amusement over here at some of the subjects we give degrees in. Honestly, I don't see it.

SPENCER: I quite agree with you. Nowhere is an Englishman's amusement over an American thing more misplaced.

You, having decided to educate everybody, were faced with a practical crisis. And you made a practical decision.

AMERICAN: That's true. Our high schools don't only prepare for college. Most of the students go straight out to a job. One of the classes in our public schools is the Americanisation class.

SPENCER: I know. I know how important it is for foreign-born immigrants to learn the American language, customs, traditions, and philosophy, and so on. But in some ways the American public school is a huge Americanisation class itself. After all, if we had had to work and play every day with Italians, Negroes, Chinese, Polish Jews and Pennsylvania Quakers, with perhaps an Indian or two, we should have lost a lot of race prejudice by the time we left school. Besides, the public-school teacher is, if there is one, the typical American figure. He is intensely conscious of his national responsibility, and his work is already beginning to make the 'melting-pot' a phrase of the past.

AMERICAN: Well, now, what single thing impressed you most?

SPENCER: To me, one of the most admirable things about your system is its shrewd lack of shame, of self-consciousness, of intellectual coyness in refusing to distinguish in value, as we do, between subjects. We have a feeling, for instance, that plumbing is something one can pick up by rule of thumb if one has to earn one's living that way. You don't think it at all ridiculous that a man should study and learn to be an expert plumber, or that a girl should take a credit in dress-designing as well as in economics. An American never apologises for wanting to know how to do something menial like make a table or give someone a shampoo. He believes it is a highly skilled job, whether it's dentistry or painting he's studying, or the history of religions or the history of haircutting. And in the result there's often no comparison with your skill and ours . . . in, say, being a good hairdresser or a good foreign correspondent.

Now there's a gentleman here who's been waiting some time to have the chance of saying what he thinks about Oxford.

ENGLE: Let's balance this thing up. You, Cooke, have been a couple of years at Yale and Harvard—I've been a year or two at Oxford. Why don't you begin and tell us what you think about the American undergraduate as you know him?

COOKE: On one condition, though. We'll be frank rather than polite.

ENGLE: Go right ahead.

COOKE: First then I should say the American undergraduate is younger than the English undergraduate of the same age. This has long been a source of great satisfaction to visiting Englishmen, and I hasten to add that this is true only for the

first year or two at the University. For the American often stays on for another four years at one of the two most integral departments of an American University, a child—we need to remember—not of English but of mixed English and German parentage. I mean the Graduate School and the Law School. So though the American may know less than the Englishman at the age of twenty-one, he is liable to know a great deal more at the age of twenty-eight than the Englishman who has been down from the University for six years.

The American is younger, then, but only in mental sophistication. Morally and socially he is usually older, less subtle in deciding how to act privately or publicly, but very much less neurotic, altogether less fussy about his private life. He has a better social sense (his general conduct implies he knows the home-life of his janitor in a way that the English undergraduate would never know the home-life of his college porter) and a quite alarming consideration for other people's habits, even though he is puzzled and suspicious of the eccentric. Many times, even after I had known people for eighteen months, I found it impossible to have a real discussion because on a point of courtesy they were unwilling to disagree with or contradict one who was still a guest in their country. This social sense reveals an absence of cliques quite bewildering to an English undergraduate. At Yale and Harvard I was able to know more various friends than would have been possible at my own University. I knew intimately medical students, poets, foresters, lawyers, shy scientists, economists, rowing men—all of whom knew each other for normal people. I recall a set of rooms at Yale that were shared by

four undergraduates—one brilliant Jewish economist, a quiet literary medical student from South Carolina, a New Yorker man about town, and a Texan doing research on the Spanish Renaissance who possessed the finest saddle-catalogue west of the Mississippi. This gregariousness—for the American undergraduate can hardly bear to live alone—makes Americans less self-conscious in doing things together, like singing a rowing song or joining in the organised cheering at a football game, an organisation of religious dramatic spectacle that would have put the Greeks to shame. We see the spectacle and feel—embarrassed. We fail to see that to you it's an organised joke and that actually you care much less whether Harvard beats Yale than we do whether Cambridge beats Oxford.

The American's distrust of the eccentric makes him unconsciously crueller in judging his fellows. He likes the defensive security of being typed. He likes to be known as 'a regular feller' and not as 'a heel'. This makes him, especially as a sophomore—what we call a second-year man—often painfully hearty and genial and pompous. The same desire to be moving in what is familiar breeds, I think, the most virulent of all American University institutions—the fraternity. It is saddening to an Englishman, prepared to renounce what for him might be fundamental scruples, to know intelligent and sensitive men who are concerned to 'make' the right club and be in the social register. I alternated between admiring the easy social familiarity of the undergraduate and the outside world and disliking the local snobbery of the fraternity house and its intenser, meaner sister—the sorority.

The American undergraduate has again often a naive, acquisitive idealism—it is astonishing how many intelligent and humorous people lay great store by being able, as they say, 'to hold a job down'. A man is often admired, especially by women, not for his qualities or his real ability but by the selling power of that ability in the world of jobs.

Now, Paul Engle, you have studied in three American Universities and you're now finishing your second year as a Rhodes Scholar at Oxford, you tell us what you think of Oxford.

ENGLE: All I know about English education is Oxford. Some people say that's all there is to know. Some say it's just a racket. All I can see are the results of your education. Here's what they look like to me.

These boys up at Oxford are nice kids. They know a lot about vague things, and not much about what matters. They have what we in American humorously call 'manners'—probably because people like to joke about what they haven't got. They're pretty clever, and the average intelligence seems extra-

ordinarily high, much higher than that of undergraduates at American Universities—till you find it isn't so much a difference in pure brains as that the English mind has more surface brilliance—is more agile. They seem aloof, highbrow, and snobbish till you find it's usually shyness and often inferiority complex. We think they've got no emotions or nerves, till they get a glass of beer inside their bellies—a very small glass—and then they bust down, take off the old corset, and have a good cry. Tell us things that shock even our tough ears. Then high hat us on the street next day.

They seem com-

pletely capable and completely useless. To know a lot about a lot, to be able to do nothing. Their speech seems dull, lazy, colourless—expressionless because there's no strong impulse, no imaginative living, to be expressed. They seem largely concerned to mimic American slang, words, inflections, songs, music. Witty, childlike, solemn as old men, as naive as little boys—capable, shy, widely read, superficial, insincere, yet fair, riddled with stupid social inhibitions and prejudices. That's much what the Oxford undergraduate seems to us. O.K. Not a bad guy.

As to the educational system itself. It produces better trained, better informed, more integrated minds than the American. But all in a vacuum. Giving the individual an intellectual experience far beyond his personal and emotional experience. With the mental ability of an adult and the awareness, the understanding, of a child.

The position of women in Oxford is deplorable. You do that most vicious of all things—try to compromise with women. You should either admit an equal number of women as of men to Oxford, or none at all. Oxford should be completely male, in fact, as it is in system, or there should be complete equality. Unfitted to intensive study, to institutional life, the University-educated female in England is usually a saddening, and to us, often ludicrous spectacle. Beaten into a system designed for men, forced to submit to prefects, captains of school, sport, separate schools and colleges, all the unreal compulsions that boys must submit to—they just can't take it.



Display in the Yale Bowl: undergraduates forming the name of Eli Yale, founder of the University

*The Listener's Music**Wireless and the Ear*

A CORRESPONDENT to a daily paper recently stated that, as a result of wireless listening, he had developed the ability to do two things at once: he could read a stiff book, or write a letter, and at the same time listen to a broadcast talk.

Here we have the first sign of what will, I believe, prove to be an important development in the functioning of the ear. Sooner or later, broadcasting was bound to affect our listening habits, and through them our capabilities. It is natural to assume that the general habit of indiscriminate and inattentive listening will tend to dull aural perceptiveness; but a little reflection will show that with many listeners the effect will be the reverse. The matter is worth taking up both on physical and psychological grounds. The normal human eye was no doubt affected for both good and ill when the reading habit spread from the learned professions to the general public; and it is likely that the normal ear of twenty years hence will differ considerably from that of pre-wireless days. It may be dulled in some ways, but it will be in others more acute, and (above all) it will be endowed with an adaptability and selective powers that are already becoming obvious to listeners who do a little analysis of their hearing during various types of broadcast. Although the effect will vary with the individual, it is likely that musicians as a body will be able to report a considerable development of the advantages due to their training.

The ability to combine listening with some other form of mental activity is probably more general than is imagined by the writer of the letter quoted above. But the type of both the broadcast and the activity will depend on the listener's avocation. What is a distraction to A may be a sedative to B and a stimulant to C. It might be expected that a musician would be bound to give his whole attention to music, switching off if he wished to write or read. That is not the experience of such musicians as I have questioned on the point. We are not ashamed to say that much of our listening to broadcast music serves as a background for reading and writing—not, I hasten to add, because we think lightly of the music, but because few of us are able to spare time for undiluted listening to all the music we want to hear. Here comes in a touch of the new listening technique: we are able to apportion our faculties to the claims of the music. Familiar symphonies of Mozart and Haydn type can be followed while reading, a little extra attention being given to favourite passages and none at all during an uninteresting movement. For instance, I have not heard the slow movement of Beethoven's Fifth for years, though I have sat through it scores of times. On the other hand, I haven't missed a bar of the rest of it—especially the Scherzo. During a new or unfamiliar work, or an old one of special interest, the reading gives way entirely to the music for whole movements. Personally, I can work hard at writing or proof reading during familiar music, but not through broadcast speech of any kind, no matter how little the subject interests me. Probably this is because the rhythm and familiarity of the music facilitate rather than interrupt the mental processes, whereas the irregularity of speech gives even the Fat Stock Prices a quality that compels one to take them in.

In the early days of broadcasting it was commonly said that listening to music would be easier in the home than in the concert-room, because there would be no distractions—no late-comers, programme-rustlers, coughers, and whisperers. Moreover, one's attention would not be drawn aside by the antics of the conductor or the airs and graces of the soloists. Experience has proved this to be wrong, I believe. It is now realised that the advantage is with the concert-goer. He has every encouragement to concentrate, whereas the home listener is beset with temptations and distractions.

The code of good manners in the concert-room helps: for courtesy's sake one must maintain at least an attitude of attention, since any other would annoy adjacent members of the audience. Moreover, the mere fact that those present have paid for admission in money, time, and convenience is a guarantee of a desire to be attentive, if only on the base grounds of a desire to obtain good value. Above all, the audience is helped

to focus its attention by *seeing* the process of music-making. The calisthenic conductor and the affected soloist may be nuisances, but one can usually manage to give most attention to the orchestra, and above all to the strings. The bowing of a first-rate body of string players is more than a help towards a realisation of the phrasing and rhythm: it has an appeal of its own to the eye, like a field of swaying corn. There is much, too, in the social side of the concert room: music may be enjoyed in solitude; with two enthusiasts the pleasure is doubled; but with a hall-full of people who have assembled for the sole purpose of musical enjoyment crowd-psychology becomes a factor in producing a set of reactions so powerful that hands are smitten together, feet stamped, and even loud cries of pleasure released by people who, hearing the same performance in solitude, would have given little or no outward indication of pleasure. In fact, the public concert must be maintained if only as an aid to listening. A few evenings ago I took a partially-musical friend to a concert. The programme included a symphony by Dvorák. Afterwards my friend said, 'I enjoyed the whole of the symphony, but if I had been hearing it broadcast I could not have sat through all four movements without taking up some sort of job to carry on meanwhile'.

Does anybody give this sort of divided attention to broadcast plays or variety? Of course not. Here, many of us think, is a real danger to music; so much of it is broadcast that few have either the leisure or the freshness to listen *thoroughly* to more than a small proportion; the rest becomes a mere background. And the lack of any sort of definite significance that makes the best instrumental music one of the finest and certainly the most mysterious forms of art is the very quality that tempts us to treat it as a mere accompaniment, whereas the most fatuous of verbal utterances force themselves on our attention. However, the worst of this phase is perhaps nearly over; the development of television will almost certainly tend to reduce the importance of music as broadcast material; and listeners will come to realise that if their enjoyment of music is to grow—or even to continue—they must ration themselves.

Returning to the concert hall: one of its advantages is that, even if we feel drowsy we are saved from the disgrace of succumbing by the touch of austerity that distinguishes the seating arrangements of such places. If in the future some degree of atrophy afflicts the average home listener's ear, it will be due chiefly to the slippered ease that makes sleep hard to resist. This applies to the musician no less than to others, and is no reflection on their keenness. It is simply that the willing ear, called on to transfer its activities from the public hall to the fireside, is not able to hold its own against the combination of increased comfort and decreased aids to concentration. Thus, I was anxious to hear the first performance of the new Vaughan Williams Symphony, and had even cancelled an attractive engagement to that end. I heard the first movement and the start of the second, at which point an exposition of sleep came upon me and I heard no more till the start of the Finale. This humiliating sort of experience is probably more common than people care to admit: the armchair is too much for us. I suggest, seriously, that if we really wish to hear a particular work, we shall use a seat of the type that, by ensuring an upright body, conduces to an alert mind.

Probably the American musico-scientists who have contributed so much to our knowledge of the psychological side of performing and listening will take up this question of the effect of broadcasting on the ear. They will discover, I believe, that the hearing faculties of listeners of the switch-it-on-and-leave-it type will have degenerated, while those of the minority, who limit their listening to the things they really want, will have developed in keenness and discrimination. The ability to take in a broadcast talk and a solid book at the same time will be no longer anything to write home about. Above all, we musicians, thanks to our training in the simultaneous use of a number of faculties, physical and mental, aural and optical, will possess the Wireless Ear *in excelsis*.

If we can keep awake.

HARVEY GRACE

*The Way to God**Christ's Claim Today*

By Canon C. E. RAVEN

THE evidence of the world's need and the testimony of history, past and present, to the power of Christ to meet that need constitute a challenge to Christians.

If, as they believe, they are entrusted with a message of unique and universal importance, and if the times demand that no effort be spared, then it is their duty and should be joy to make its delivery the supreme business of their lives. What is it that Christ claims of them? First, that we should take Him seriously. If He is what we believe, and if His influence upon history bears out that belief, then He is for every one of us not only the most important fact in the world but the one person worthy of our complete attention. Does He receive it—even from professing Christians, from people like you and me? I am not thinking only of the people who manage to live without trying to discover any real purpose in life, of the people who dismiss all religious interests as dull or useless or eccentric. Such people are not so many as we suppose. For all normal human beings have moments of wonder and curiosity, of disillusionment and dread—when they long to find something permanent, something besides themselves to live for. I am thinking about those who recognise the importance of making good use of their lives, who want to know what to believe about God and the world so that they may leave it better than they found it. Do such people take Christ seriously?

What Is Our Attitude to Religion?

It seems to me, looking chiefly at myself, that most of us accept religion as a necessary part of our lives, but as a duty or a refuge, a luxury or a hobby, a thrill or an insurance. We reverence Christ, though of course we don't talk or often think about Him. We treasure up a few of His sayings, and have our favourite picture of Him. We have moments when we enjoy public worship, especially hymns and an occasional sermon; moments when we are distressed because we don't care more for Him; moments of vision and penitence and resolve. But otherwise—'the world is too much with us'. Our days are filled with activities: our work, our amusements, our friends, all the multitude of things that we have to do, or want to do, or dream of doing. These things really leave us neither time nor desire for anything else. Religion must be fitted in to the odd corners, when more immediate and more serious business is over.

Is that a caricature? Does it sound as if I was expecting people not to care about earning their living, or enjoying their leisure? As if Christ wanted folks to be strait-laced and puritan, or treated all ordinary interests as secular and profane? I hope not: for that is certainly not the result of taking Him seriously. Love, joy, peace, fortitude are the fruits of His Spirit; and these patchwork lives of ours are wrong because, in spite of their varied and incessant activities, there is so little of that Spirit in them. It is not Christ but our neglect of Him that makes us 'joyless, loveless, unendeared'. 'Life and life abundant' implies not a patchwork of conflicting elements but a pattern of ordered design.

Taking Christ Seriously

How are we to take Him seriously? 'Change your outlook and accept the good news of God' was His first message: and it answers our question. He found men and women worried about the same things that distract us, about food and clothes, about fishing and farming, about their homes and their money. He never told them that these things didn't matter; but merely that they must see them in proportion, see them in relation to the presence and purpose of God. He didn't call the man whose sole object was to increase his wealth a knave: He called him a fool. He didn't condemn Martha for her bustling housewifery: He told her of the 'one thing needful' which Mary had chosen.

To open men's eyes to the reality of God—that was His first concern. He began to do it not with elaborate doctrines

or symbolic ritual, but with talk about sunshine and rain, about birds and flowers and little children—that is, about the simple and deeply moving things in which men find most easily a hint of the eternal. I sometimes think that we start at the wrong end, and expect people to enter into the profound spiritual experience of the Creed or the Holy Communion when they haven't yet learned to recognise the presence of God at much more elementary levels. We expect them to run before they can walk. If a man hasn't ever consciously found God in a primrose or a baby, I don't feel sure that he will really find Him as Father and Maker of all things in a prayer-meeting or a Cathedral.

At any rate, I am sure that Jesus would have us make our lives all of a piece—as open to the experience of God as they are to the daylight—that He wanted us to see our whole universe as within God's care and radiant with His presence; and that we were to learn step by step by increasing sensitiveness to God the fuller lessons of the Cross and Resurrection. We must begin at the beginning: that is why primroses and babies come into it. But obviously God's presence is only very slightly revealed in His creatures, in 'creeping things and fowls of the air'. That presence is for us men supremely revealed in Christ Himself—Christ who is perfectly one with us as Son of Man, and perfectly one with the Father as Son of God. So He helped His disciples to discover His own revealing power. When He had taught them to see God in a multitude of simple sacraments and parables, He confronted them with the sacrament and parable of Himself. 'Whom say ye that I, the Son of Man, am?' Nothing except a person, nothing less than the perfect Man, can give me a full experience of God or command my whole allegiance. So, as the small boy said, Jesus 'put a face upon God', interpreting the invisible in a form which we could perceive and understand and love. We cannot really be satisfied with anything but a person as our object of worship: the starry heavens are too high, and the primrose for all its beauty too low, to satisfy us. It is only when men's ideal comes to them embodied in a Son of Man that awe is quickened into devotion. Love, the love of person for person, is the only transforming alchemy.

Need for Steady Discipline

For many, perhaps for most, of those who take seriously the claim of Christ there is a definite moment of conversion and self-surrender. We who have been self-centred, following a multitude of desires, can only change the direction of our growth and unify our characters by a sudden and often violent upheaval. But though the experience and acceptance of God comes dramatically, there is needed a long and steady discipline if it is to be made effective. Christ can transform the individual, but how hard it is not to carry over into the new life the prejudices, the enmities, the idolatries of the old one! Conversion will give us not only a sense of release and of power, but a new outlook upon the material world and upon our fellows. But the love of comfort, of power, or applause dies hard. Unless we take our new life seriously, we shall lapse back into the old mercenary, contemptuous, posturing self—perhaps with the added shame that we now claim divine approval for our egoisms. To study the character of Christ as this is revealed in the New Testament and in the history of Christendom is a plain duty. I sometimes wonder how much time we actually give to it—though the number of good books sold on the subject must mean a real and widespread interest. To study our own characters in the light of His, so that we can discover the cause of our failures and learn to remedy them, is another plain duty. To plan our time and opportunities so as to keep ourselves reminded of our allegiance; to keep in close touch with a group of fellow-believers who will give us the strength of comradeship; to discover methods of service for the expression of our faith; these are obvious and necessary conditions of progress.

Possibly the last of them is the most important. 'Whoso

doeth the works, shall learn of the doctrine', said Jesus; and at a very early stage in their discipleship He sent out the Twelve on their mission. We all know that convictions and especially emotional impulses, unless they lead to action, fade and turn rotten; and that as we act upon them they take root and expand. However much we shrink from it, we must give our faith plenty of air and exercise if it is to be healthy. Does this mean that we must talk religion in public, or hand out tracts in trains, or proselytise among our friends? And if so, shan't we become prigs and Pharisees, ridiculous in our own eyes and a nuisance to our neighbours? Why should it? I am not suggesting that you should set out to hunt for victims as a butterfly-collector hunts for insects. No, what I mean is that if your experience is real it will be infective, and you must not be afraid to let your enthusiasm carry you away and to share the secret of it with others as occasion arises. If you really care for Christ and Christ's cause, you will not only want to share it, but you will find other people ready and receptive. Proselytising is offensive if it is done in a self-righteous and patronising spirit. But that is certainly not the Spirit of Christ. If you have really surrendered yourself to Him, you will find that you can't think scornfully of anyone else. If you do, there is something wrong with your surrender. Rather you will have got a new sense of the worth and interest of other people. You will be able to appreciate and enjoy them. You will want to know them and sympathise with them and get close to them. And then naturally what fills your life will flow over into theirs.

Most of us English people are still far too shy and reserved about religion. It comes partly from reverence, partly from hatred of cant, partly from a mistaken idea of 'good form'. So we only keep our deepest selves for moments of intimacy. That is natural—only, if so, do let us cultivate such intimacy. For I am very certain that multitudes of us go through life longing to talk about religion, to discuss our ideas about God, to find out what others think about the meaning and use of life. So many chances are lost because we were tongue-tied or timid and daren't take the opportunity when it came.

Opportunities for Christian Service

But I am not suggesting that this is all that being a missionary means. Most of us just can't begin to talk about God unselfconsciously and on casual occasions. But we can all take part in some sort of Christian service and get into touch with people who share our ideals. We cannot all be evangelists: evangelism, if this means the direct approach to others with a demand for their surrender to Christ, is a special vocation. But we must all have a ministry of some sort, some particular work to express our general attitude. St. Paul describes a number of such ministries in the twelfth chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, a chapter that I expect many of you know. We were considering three modern ones in our last talk*—the cause of international peace, the provision of good housing, the service of the unemployed. Jesus talked about giving a cup of cold water to one of these little ones. What matters is not so much the kind of service or whether the world reckons it great or small, as the spirit in which it is done and that you should be a 'serving' or serviceable person—someone whom He can use.

Yet in these days of special opportunity surely there are specially urgent tasks. We all belong to a group of some kind—to a church which has various organisations connected with it, to a neighbourhood in which there are branches of various societies, to circles in which somebody is interested in one or other form of service. Almost every kind of service wants workers—wants them in some cases desperately. A few enquiries will put you into touch with half-a-dozen good causes. And there is always the home, the shop, the office, the factory; and people who need friendship. And if friendship is the only thing that you can give, it is always the best of all.

Whatever it is, its motive and purpose will be the same. To identify yourself as an active unit in the world-wide Christian fellowship, to find yourself taking part in the age-long redemptive work of the body of Christ, to lose your self-regard in the joy of life in Him—that is what matters if you take His claims seriously. As a member of the Church working for the coming of the Kingdom of God, you will link up your own small life

with the glorious life of the Christ, and the small things of every day will take on a new meaning and romance. 'I live, yet not I, Christ lives in me', should be the goal of our journey; and as we travel it we discover more and more of its meaning, and are kept humble because, like the horizon, the end is always beyond us and far away.

If you ask what effect this journey will have upon your outlook and way of life, I think that one of St. Paul's most famous phrases suggests a reply. When he wrote 'In Christ Jesus there is neither Jew nor Greek, bond nor free, male nor female', he declared that for the Christian the three most difficult spheres of human relationship would no longer present us with problems. It is, I believe, a fact that as we surrender ourselves to Christ the conflicts of sex, and class, and race are resolved. They certainly were in our Lord's case. He was born a Jew, but you can't easily think of Him as a Jew or think of Him at all as possessed of any fierce and exclusive nationalism. If He chose a zealot or nationalist as one of His disciples, He commended the faith of the centurion, and chose the Samaritan rather than the Levite as the type of neighbourliness. So with economic status, He worked as a carpenter, and said words about the spiritual peril of riches which are much too strong for most of us. But His dealings with men and women are utterly free from class-consciousness, from any trace of bitterness or snobbery. And in the perhaps most difficult sphere of sex, His disciples might wonder that He spoke with the woman of Samaria, but His own attitude is simple, natural, direct. He was neither shocked nor embarrassed by sex; made no difference in His treatment between men and women; was always utterly sensitive and never at all sentimental. 'Her sins are forgiven; for she loved much': we can catch a glimpse of the splendour of that saying even if we cannot share His freedom.

Freedom that Christ Offers

It is such freedom that He offers and enables. Freedom from the taboos and lusts with which we corrupt the most creative fact of life: freedom from the false standards that money produces and the false distinctions that it sets up: freedom from the pride of race and the contempt for 'lesser breeds without the law': only as men win such freedom is there any real prospect of social, economic and political righteousness. Without it, so far as I can judge, sexual emancipation merely reproduces the oldest kind of slavery, the slavery to our own passions: social reform merely substitutes the dictatorship of the proletariat for the supremacy of birth or education, money or popularity: international agreements are scraps of paper which the superior will enforce until the subordinate are strong enough to rebel.

Throughout these three talks we have had in mind three main aspects of the work of Christ—His power to unify mankind in the service of the one God; His power to transform individuals as they surrender themselves to Him; His power to overcome social evils and create a coherent and co-operative social order. Those three involve tasks overwhelming in their difficulty; tasks plainly supernatural if by that word we mean beyond our natural powers. To invite people to undertake them would seem a monstrous extravagance—though I believe that we all dimly know that they must be faced if our world is not to go to ruin. Men have always felt that the claims of Christ were extravagant—until they accept them. Then they feel more clearly than ever that for themselves and unaided the work of discipleship is impossible. But they discover also that it is God, and not you and I, God and His Christ who bring in the Kingdom. They see Him at work in history, at work in the world today: at work upon His age-old plan, 'bringing good out of evil and making even the wrath of man to turn to His praise'.

As they lose themselves in wonder and worship; as His power and purpose become more plain, they find themselves caught up into its scope, constrained to courses that alone they dare not consider, supported by an influence on which they can utterly rely, encompassed by a great company of good comrades. They find a track out of the slough of despond, a companion in the valley of the shadow. They count not themselves to have attained; but, forgetting the things that are behind and looking to the things that lie ahead, they press on.

*Printed in THE LISTENER of May 1

Current Economic Affairs

The Paradoxical Position of Gold

By SIR WILLIAM BEVERIDGE

I WAS talking to a friend the other day—not an economist, but a professor of another subject—who said he listened to me regularly. So I asked him what kind of subject he thought most people wanted to hear about. 'Currency', he replied. 'The kind of question', he said, 'that people are always asking is: "Why, when more and more countries go off gold, does the price of gold rise? Oughtn't the price of gold to fall when people are using it less?" Or again: "Why do people spend so much energy in digging gold out of mines in order to bury it in banks?"'

Going Off Gold to Keep Gold

My friend's answer surprised me, because I thought most people had given up currency, as a thing that only bankers and economists need understand and that somehow didn't seem to make much practical difference to their lives. But it is certainly an important problem, and a few days ago Mr. Morgenthau, the Secretary to the American Treasury, made a speech which makes it a topical problem. He suggested that at some time or other the United States might be prepared to consider doing something or other about stabilisation.

Well, the answer to my friend's question about going off gold and the price of gold is fairly simple. To begin with, there are still some important countries which are fully on the gold standard. So long as even one country is in that position—ready either to buy or sell gold at a fixed price—there is really an unlimited demand for gold at that price. More important than this, 'going off gold', even for those countries that have done it, has not meant giving up gold for good. Someone who was asked in an examination paper to describe the gold standard replied that it was a thing that people go off, as they go off their heads. And, if you like to follow out that comparison, you can say that as many, if not most of us, are a little mad about one thing or another, but very few are wholly mad without hope of recovery, so most countries today are off gold in one sense, but very few are off it completely and finally. They have not given up all thought of ever using it again for currency purposes. Our going off gold in this country in 1931 did not mean that we had no more use for gold, but that we had some gold which we did not want to lose and were afraid of losing. Other countries have followed us for similar reasons: movements of capital or an adverse balance of trade were threatening to deplete their stock of gold.

The orthodox way of dealing with that before the War would have involved deflation, a lowering of prices of everything else in relation to gold. Going off gold in order to keep gold has really meant the same thing in another way—it has meant the raising of the price of gold in relation to everything else. In other countries, like the United States, they followed this up by a deliberate policy of depreciating the dollar, by buying gold at steadily rising prices. So it is small wonder that today gold-producing is one of the few really prosperous industries in the whole world.

Our Undecided Governments

The gist of the matter is that so many of the governments of the world cannot make up their minds about gold. They are not prepared to say that it is of no use. It may, they think, be of great use in war. And in peace, even if it is locked up out of any fixed relation to the currency which is in use, it gives confidence to the people who have to use that currency. The paradoxical position of gold at the moment is the natural consequence of uncertainty, of the various financial authorities of the world not having made up their minds.

Of course, that is an unsatisfactory position. It means going to all the expense of getting gold without gaining the object for which it is needed. The main object of having gold as the common basis of currencies before the War was to make trade easier, by fixing the value of each currency in relation to gold

and so in relation to every other currency. That is the stabilisation of the exchanges.

The American who wanted to import goods from this country if he knew the price in dollars at which he could sell them in America knew also just how much he could afford to pay for them in sterling here, to leave him a fair profit. Today he cannot make that simple calculation. But lack of stability today does not merely hamper trade directly by making the exchange calculation impossible. The fact that so many currencies are now 'in the air' and are not based on anything, and are liable, therefore, to unlimited depreciation, has often an even worse influence indirectly. Many of the worst restrictions on trade are imposed, not for protective reasons to help an industry, but for financial reasons to protect a currency. So that stabilisation is not an academic question: it is a real need. And, recognising that, there are two things to say about it. First, it is not, I believe, practical to think of stabilisation except on a basis of gold; nor is there any good reason for rejecting gold. The root of the serious money difficulties of the past has not been gold, but credit. Second, stabilisation cannot be done by one country alone: it needs agreement, and agreement based on a real desire to rebuild international trade.

The Nations Must Think Internationally

That is the crucial question. So far as one can judge, either from Mr. Morgenthau's speech or from the proceedings of Congress, there is nothing whatever to suggest that the United States are yet thinking internationally again or are ready to make those changes of financial and tariff policy which alone would make possible an international system of currencies based on gold. On the other hand, they still think that our going off gold in 1931 was a device to get some advantage over them and other people; and since then some of the things we have done have suggested that we are less concerned for the restoration of international trade than for other objects. Until the different nations have come to think of international trade as a way of mutual enrichment, to be encouraged, and not as a disguised kind of warfare, there is not much point in trying to stabilise the exchanges.

If one does want international trade, one ought to re-establish an international standard; that is to say, one ought to stabilise currencies in relation to one another. Unstable exchanges make traffic slow and difficult, as a rough road does. But it is no use to stabilise the exchanges, in order to make trade more easy, if one doesn't really want trade and is going on to stop trade by tariffs and quotas. That is like re-paving a rough road and then putting a five-barred gate across it. It is like setting up the League of Nations when one isn't in earnest about wanting peace.

Blind

I feel soft fingers of light
Fumbling with the lock on my eyes,
Or my face cringes from sharp heat
When Sarah comes in her gaudy dress.

Senseless tumult in sunset-angry sky
Hurts the quick of my nerves,
Makes me forget how the daisy smiled
Whispering a quip into my pores.

I love the boisterous fields
Running from me silently shouting,
And the thin voices of lilies
Piping plaintively up the steep sultry noon.

WALTER BUTTERWORTH

*The Cinema**'Shipyard'*

THE PICTURES WHICH appear on this and the opposite page are stills from 'Shipyard', a new Paul Rotha documentary film from Gaumont-British Instructional. The film was made in Barrow, where many of the inhabitants find the shipyard their only means of livelihood, and it tells the story of the building of the *Orion*, a 24,000-ton liner laid down last year for the Orient Line. Beginning with the making of parts for the ship, the film goes on to the months when plate after plate is fixed in position, the turbines and boilers grow up, and the shining bronze screws are brought from a London factory. When the last rivets are driven, the last plates fitted, and the last joints welded, all is in readiness for the launching of the ship by the Duke of Gloucester, twelve thousand miles away in Australia.

The story ends on a note of triumph and tragedy, for after a few months of fitting-out, the *Orion* will no longer be an inherent part of the life of Barrow and its people.

When shown to the public in the near future, this film of the strenuous activity that takes place in a shipyard town of Britain will provide another example of one of the cinema's greatest tasks—that of showing one half of the world how the other lives and works. A unit of three worked for one year to produce the film, which has a commentary spoken by a ship designer from the yard, and natural dialogue by unemployed smiths, riveters and platers.





Makers of Public Opinion

(Continued from page 916)

fair all-round picture; while the bias of other papers is so well known that the discerning reader can often make his own correction. But a grave charge against a considerable section of the Press is its triviality. It panders to the gossip and the scandalmonger which lurk in most of us; it plays upon the weaknesses of the under-educated instead of leading them on to higher standards; it takes up our attention with anecdotes about film stars, stories of clergymen who have run amuck, and inanities of all kinds. It tends to play up to a public which has no true sense of responsibility, and which looks upon the drama of life as existing to furnish it with a series of laughs or thrills. The sensational Press, instead of feeding the public on honest bread and meat, gives it pickles. Crisis follows crisis, amazing events happen every day, everything is 'gigantic' or 'astounding' or 'historic', and when events of first-class importance do occur there are no words left to make a jaded public realise their significance.

Newspapers give us not only news but views; they are propagandist. Well, we need not object to that; they render a real service if they provoke thought. But they ought to appeal to the reason as well as to the emotions; and above all, their propaganda should not be mere suggestion, mere hypnotism by the reiteration of catchwords. If newspapers try to get their readers to swallow policies, just as the advertisers try to induce them to buy soaps or patent medicines, thoughtful citizens will not be produced.

You will see that I am talking as if it were a good thing to get people to think for themselves and to discuss, and a bad thing when they accept views at second-hand. And that is exactly what I do think. But of course I know, and you know, that there are a great many people who consider it of more importance that people should think *alike* than that they should think *hard*. Over a large part of Europe today governments are taking every possible step to make their nationals think alike. They may have difference of opinion, certainly, but within very sharp limits. Press, cinema, broadcasting, the pulpit, elementary education, university education: all these are called upon to impose one mould upon public opinion. This is justified on the ground that it is the way to produce national unity, with great advantages of added strength and avoidance of friction. Well, of course, you do get unity of a sort. You start by driving underground all opinion except opinion of the kind you like, and in the course of a generation or so of controlled teaching you may have accomplished a remarkable limitation of the range of thought in that community. You escape many dangers which undoubtedly have to be faced in a country where conflicting policies are freely advocated. But you pay a very heavy price for this artificial unity. Errors accumulate and are not noticed; institutions are not criticised and adapted to changing needs; discontents ferment and cannot be ventilated, and some day there is an explosion; and worse than this, the cramping of men's minds robs those minds of some of their power. Indeed men living under such conditions are not fully alive; for it is the mark of life to choose and to reject, to react upon the forces which shape it, which is precisely what is not allowed.

A good deal has been said over the wireless in the last few weeks about freedom, and I need not labour my point. What I do want you to think about is the desirability of developing in our community organs of impartial inquiry and of impartial exposition. If public opinion is to be well informed and sane, it must be organised; and organising public opinion does not mean drilling it or hypnotising it. It means giving men and women the means of making up their own minds intelligently. And that is best done by getting men of judicial temper to collect the facts, and to present them as simply as possible, and to make clear the issues involved. It isn't at all impossible. After all, the B.B.C. is doing just that kind of thing, making accessible to the public a wide range of information and getting many different kinds of views expressed. There never was a time when the really earnest seeker after knowledge had his way made so smooth as it is today. Outlines of knowledge, year books of international affairs, authoritative reports on current happenings, are continually being produced. If you

want reliable information, clearly presented, on almost any subject, go and consult the public librarian of your town, and the odds are heavy that he will be able to find it for you.

But you must want to know, and be willing to take trouble, and be willing to think hard. And if you are not prepared to do that—well, you are a willing victim and you will be fooled and humbugged by the manufacturers of public opinion of the poorer sort.

The Abyssinian Scene

TWELVE OR FIFTEEN MILLIONS—that is a guessed estimate of the population of Abyssinia: not all of them Abyssinians proper, for they are the governing class and rule several subject tribes.

Physically the Abyssinian is a fine type—tall and well built and probably the most intelligent of the African natives, but arrogant and proud. This is the only Native State of Africa which has kept its independence. It is ruled by the 'King of Kings, Conquering Lion of Judah, Elect of God and Emperor of Abyssinia': in other words, by Selassie I, a pale bearded man, with regular features and dark eyes, intelligent, with a pleasant voice, speaking French well. His army is probably the most efficient mobile force in the world, for the simple reason that it has no commissariat and transport—no cooks, no cookers, not even fires to make, and all because Abyssinians eat raw meat. All the troops do when hungry is to pick an ox from the nearest herd or a sheep from the nearest drove, kill, skin and eat it with the least possible delay. Some years ago I saw such a feast inside the grounds of my own house at Addis Ababa. It was an occasion for celebration of some sort, and my servants were making merry with their friends. My head boy chose a huge ox from a passing herd, drove it into the compound adjoining the house, called up his friends—ten of them. The ox was killed, skinned and cut up in no time. The eatable parts were laid on banana leaves in the shade of a wall. It was about nine o'clock in the morning, so there was a good shadow. When ready they sat in a circle and, each plying his own knife, set to work on the raw and still warm meat. Their women folk supplied them with beer; it sounds incredible, but within an hour and a half all but a small portion left for the women had disappeared.

Food products of the country are amazingly cheap. An ox can be bought alive for eighteen or twenty shillings, a live sheep for two-and-sixpence. Eggs run about thirty for a shilling, and at least four chickens—of a sort—can be bought for one shilling. But there is no fish, or very poor fish, and only poor vegetables, and very little fruit. There are apples and peaches, figs and strawberries, for instance, but they are stunted tasteless specimens, and a gorgeous collection of birds always eat those in my garden anyway. I speak, of course, of life in Addis Ababa, the capital, which is an unattractive place, with none of the romantic colour of the East; but there is an astonishing and constant mixture of modern and mediæval, magnificent motor-cars gliding over the roads past trudging scantily-clothed slaves, carrying their masters' burdens to and from the market. Despite his ancient lineage, the Abyssinian has remained entirely uncultured, and there are neither arts nor crafts to mark the development of the historic land of the Queen of Sheba.

It is May now, the last month of Abyssinia's eight months of gorgeous cloudless weather. From the first of June to the thirtieth of September, regularly, is the rainy season. Then in most of Abyssinia, from the swampy levels of the west to the terrific central plateau, movement is suspended—among other things, of armies!

HARRY WILLIAMSON

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Points from Letters

Owing to the pressure upon its space, THE LISTENER is able to publish only a selection from the correspondence which it receives. Correspondents are asked to write briefly and to the point, and are reminded that name and address must always be given, even where their publication is not desired. THE LISTENER, of course, undertakes no responsibility for the views expressed in these columns. Preference will be given to letters which do not employ a *nom-de-plume*

Nationalities in the Danubian States

Your issue of May 1 contains a very interesting talk by Professor Arnold Toynbee entitled 'Europe's Danger Zone', at the beginning of which he declares that the Peace Treaties have created National States in the south-east of Europe. It is hard to say on what he bases this statement; for in the newly created Czechoslovakian Republic the dominant Czechs cannot boast of more than a minimal majority. Even according to the last census, which has been so much disputed by the other nationalities, the Czechs constitute only 51.15 per cent. of the inhabitants. The rest of the population is made up of Slovaks, Magyars, Germans, Ruthenians, Russians, Ukrainians, not to mention other fractional nationalities. In Yugoslavia the situation is worse still; for the dominant Serbs (39 per cent.) have had to resort to a most stringent dictatorship in order to maintain their hegemony over the remaining 61 per cent., composed of Croats, Slovenes, Albanians, Macedonians, Germans, Magyars and several other fractional nationalities. Compared with this, in pre-War Hungary 54.5 per cent. of the population were Magyars, so that it was a more strongly National State than either Czechoslovakia or Rumania. With similar astonishment we read in the talk that there is no important nationality in this part of Europe which has not its own National State. If this be so, why do we find such bitter antagonism between the 3.5 million Croats and the Serbs, and between the more than 2 million Slovaks and the Czechs? Where are their 'National States', or even autonomies? Were the author of the article to go deeper into the question, he would certainly be more cautious in his statements in future.

Professor Toynbee is guilty of another serious mistake in his passage on the distribution of the nationalities in pre-War Hungary. He declares that the Magyars lived only in the central regions, that the Germans lived in the West, the Rumanians in the East, etc. In point of fact the situation was quite different; for even a cursory examination of the nationality question shows that there are very considerable blocks of Magyars far in the East, where Germans are also to be found, and that the Magyars are spread everywhere, not only in the central plain as Professor Toynbee supposes.

The way the author deals with the nationality conditions in pre-War Hungary and with Hungary's nationality policy is particularly tendentious and lacking in impartiality. According to his presentation of the subject, the nationalities in Hungary were living in a state of the most cruel oppression and civil disability, subject to the constant danger of Magyarisation. To show whether this statement is in accordance with the truth, let us quote the most eminent representatives of the nationalities in question, who surely are most competent to judge the situation. Stanoje Stanojevitich, a famous Serbian historian, for instance, writing in the Belgrade *Politika* on August 12, 1923, said that the Vojvodina (the southern part of pre-War Hungary) was the real cradle of Serb civilisation, where Serbian progress was able to develop freely at a time when Serbia was under the Turkish yoke. The first Serb writers, artists, and scientists who laid the foundations of Serb culture came from that part. Another famous Serb authority on the history of literature, Jovan Skerlitch, in his book *Istoria Nove Srpske Knizevnost*, Belgrade, 1911, pages 16, 20-25, 123-124, calls pre-War Hungary the birthplace of Serb civilisation, where Serb national science, literature and art were cradled. An outstanding figure in Rumanian educational circles, Dr. O. Ghibu, provides proof that Rumanian education in pre-War Hungary could not have been so bad as Professor Toynbee asserts; for according to statistical evidence there was one purely Rumanian school for every 1,016 Rumanians, whereas in 'free' Rumania the proportion was one school to every 1,418 souls (*Annuarul Statistikal Romaniei*, pages 10 and 234). Space, unfortunately, does not permit us to go into this question more fully, or to discuss the excellent economic conditions in which pre-War Hungary's nationalities lived. Nor can we enumerate the ecclesiastical and religious autonomies which they enjoyed after their migration to Hungary. We can, however, supply ample and authentic data to anyone desirous of studying the matter.

Professor Toynbee sharply criticises the Hungarian parliamentary elections. Granted that mistakes were made, they were nothing in comparison with the wholesale stealing of votes that made the last Yugoslav and Rumanian elections so notorious. Professor Toynbee, it seems, has forgotten about this, as he has forgotten that Hungary lost three-fourths and not the half of her territory.

He has also forgotten about the 3.5 million Magyars whom Trianon, without asking their consent, in fact against their will, attached to the Succession States in such a manner that although the majority of the Magyar blocks are in immediate touch with the central Magyar block, they are under the imperia of alien States. No wonder, in these circumstances, if Professor Toynbee is forced to admit that even sixteen years after the conclusion of the peace treaties there is no peace in Central Europe. The anti-minority policy of the Succession States has created an atmosphere likely to promote anything rather than peace of mind. The very circumstance that all efforts to establish real peace in the Danube Valley have failed is the strongest proof that the present situation is not conducive to the peaceful collaboration so necessary to the peace of Europe. Hungary is not to blame for this. She would more than gladly take part in every co-operation the aim of which is peace. The real enemy of peace is the spirit which even today divides Central Europe into two camps—victors and vanquished.

Budapest

A. FALL

Acting-Director, Magyar Reviziós Liga

The Place of Modern Poetry

Apropos of Mr. Day Lewis' discussion with Mr. Engle, in my opinion there is a profound fallacy underlying his assumption that 'these poets look upon poetry as a way of expressing private situations and personal emotions rather than as the mouthpiece of any social group', and the general conclusions that a work of art produced in this way would be artificial and 'private' in its application. Surely a genuine artist is inevitably 'the mouthpiece' of his time, or, to narrow it down to Mr. Lewis' classification, 'social group'—to what degree, of course, depending upon his stature as a creative individual. I am afraid Mr. Lewis ignores the fact that there is an artistic verity running parallel with but utterly separate from the social consciousness, and as fundamentally 'of the time'.

In the domain of painting with which I am most familiar I should say that the proletarian art of Russia is entirely lacking in any of the elements which go to make up the artistic truth or 'colouring' that could conceivably be said to express the contemporary Russian *Zeitgeist*: a very impure type of painting flourishing within an excessively 'purist', formalised social order. One could make the dangerous assumption that bad art would never ultimately be good propaganda, that good art could never be sufficiently particularised or localised to have a recognisable bearing on didactic social problems at all, that the rather shocking 'Art for Art's sake' becomes infinitely more 'Art for life's sake', if it must show a purpose, than the most ardent and exalted social propaganda.

London, W.1

GEOFFREY TIBBLE

Road Accidents

The death rate upon our roads is mounting up again, and has nearly reached the level of a year ago, before the Minister of Transport introduced his traffic reforms. Sufficient time has now elapsed for road-users to crystallise their impressions of the result of these reforms, in particular the reintroduction of the speed limit. As a careful driver of many years' experience and with a clean licence, may I call attention to the following facts: (a) that the caution which affected all drivers during the early weeks of the 30-mile speed limit imposition has now worn off, and on almost every road one can see the careful motorist being passed by his less conscientious fellow-motorists who take the risk of escaping police notice in much exceeding the limit; (b) that the law-abiding motorist is, if an appreciable percentage of his fellow-motorists succeed in defying the law with impunity,

actually rendered a less efficient driver, in so far as he keeps to the limit, than he would be if he were free to use his discretion and drive at any speed. In support of this, I would suggest that the great majority of motor accidents occur during overtaking. The law-abiding motorist frequently finds himself behind cyclists whom he cannot overtake without exceeding the limit; yet if he slows down to their pace he blocks the traffic behind him, and encourages his less self-controlled fellow-motorists to cut out and in and overtake at an illegal speed. I have seen this happen so often that I am surprised the evil is not recognised and more strictly dealt with.

Kingston-on-Thames

AUTOSOPHOS

Salvation Outside the Church

What kind of mind can it be that professes to believe in a God of love, yet thinks that those not baptised into a particular institution will go to hell, or that an unbaptised infant will go to hell? And what religion is it which in the past persecuted those it suspected of heresy? Certainly not the Christian religion! Christ broke down all man-made barriers to the Kingdom of Heaven by calmly ignoring them and by saying 'Who are my brethren? Those that do the will of my Father'—by telling us that we shall know them by their fruits. The story of the good Samaritan shows us quite plainly that followers of Christ are those who keep the laws of the love of God and neighbour, and they can be found attached to all religious denominations, and outside of them too. The Salvation Army and the Society of Friends have no Sacraments, but I defy Father Martindale to say there are none among them who are not trying to keep those laws by which we inherit eternal life. We are not saved by our professions of belief, but by the inward possession of Christ, which enables us to keep the law of love. 'Not everyone that saith unto Me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the Kingdom of Heaven, but he that doeth the will of My Father'.

Baughurst

E. E. WEST

German Youth Discussion

I am anxious to express the feelings of a young German about the talk between Mr. Vyvyan Adams and Herr Benemann. I myself have found a great deal of willingness to understand our system and the differences between our two national characters, but Mr. Vyvyan Adams seems to have collected a number of prejudices, flinging them at Herr Benemann without the slightest intention of listening to what the latter had to say. I think it no good to meet the earnest ardour of Young Germany with a lawyer-like twisting of words, clever sentences and haughty demeanour, telling him that you won't embarrass him any further; or asking 'Do German children like training for war more than the English?'—taking for granted that we train the German youth for war—or shouting 'Why, it's a prostitution of the spirit of mankind'. I wonder whether those sentences are the expression of the 'great pleasure' Mr. Adams had in meeting Herr Benemann? My notion of English fairness and kinship to Germany has been greatly improved during my studies in England, by talking to the people instead of reading the newspapers. But talks of this kind will never chase away the clouds of misconception and misunderstanding which exist between our two nations.

Göttingen

HERBERT VOGES

'The Two Sources of Morality and Religion'

I cannot agree with your correspondent, Mr. F. G. Pratt, that the assertion in my notice of this book, to which he takes exception, is 'the exact converse' of what M. Bergson maintains. My assertion was: 'Upon the stereotyped or "closed" society which instinct ordains, there supervenes the "open" society which is the work of intellect'. The intention here was to contrast two social termini by reference to the predominant character of the activities responsible for their attainment. I then indicated how the effort of intellect was inspired by something other, and that it was 'only in a regulative way' that reason intervenes.

The objection Mr. Pratt raises suggests to me that he is either confusing 'intellect' with what Bergson calls 'sheer intellectualism', or else supposing me to say something I did not say, namely, that the 'open' society is due to nothing but intellect. If it be this latter, then surely the next two paragraphs of my notice show that I was well aware of the views Mr. Pratt outlines in the rest of his letter, and which represent M. Bergson's position fairly enough. If the former alternative be the right one, then I would point out that 'intellectualism' is not 'intellect'. The one is a *theory about* intellect and what is its proper function, the

other is not a theory at all, but a native capacity of *homo sapiens*! And M. Bergson certainly holds (page 232) 'the very root of morality. . . eludes the search of a purely intellectualist philosophy'—which is quite compatible with what I asserted. The 'open' society is not, of course, a product of *pure* intellect, moved by no urge and no aspiration. But then no more is a 'closed' society a product of *pure* instinct, unmixed with intellect. The 'intellect' which supervenes between the 'closed' and the 'open' is doubtless intellect with a 'surrounding fringe of intuition', but it is none the less intellect for that! And does not M. Bergson sufficiently confirm my interpretation when he writes (page 233) 'The first obligation, in so far as it is a pressure, is infra-rational. The second, in so far as it is aspiration, is super-rational. But *intellect intervenes*. It seeks out the motive, that is to say, the *intellectual content*, of each of these prescriptions' (my italics).

Lastly, M. Bergson himself has found it necessary to disclaim a very general 'anti-intellectualist' interpretation of his view of intelligence and science in which many of his admirers cut intellect and creativity in two with a hatchet. It is a certain *use* of intellect, and a particular theory ('sheer intellectualism') devised in justification of that use by those so using it which M. Bergson is concerned to combat—not 'intellect'.

YOUR REVIEWER

'The Lost Language of London'

Your reviewer, quoting my statement that *k* and *g* are almost invariably interchangeable, asks 'Where, when, and by whom?' If he will refer to, say, Johnston's *Place-names of England and Wales* he will find evidence on almost every page that this variation occurs in place names. To the question 'When?' I can only answer, seemingly from time immemorial until the period when writing became more general and printing crystallised what for centuries had been words of mouth into fixed forms. To his third query 'By whom?' I suggest the Cymri, Kimmeri or Gimmirri and the Kelts, Galli or Gauls.

My 'skips from Sanscrit' to the East Anglian dialect were based on Skeat, who—for example when discussing the British *bard*—observes 'Perhaps the word originally meant *speaker*; cf. Sanscrit *bhash* to speak'. In no case do I do else than quote with mild irony (it is unfortunate that my irony was so mild that it has unhappily miscarried) certain supposititious derivations from the Sanscrit: it is Skeat and Max Muller who do the skipping; not I.

I am, however, profoundly abashed by the misprint 'by culture-deep overland': what I wrote was 'culture *creep*' and I thank you for this opportunity of making a public correction.

London, S.W.1

HAROLD BAYLEY

Education for Freedom

It is a depressing spectacle to behold an ex-Minister of Education joining in the hue and cry against so-called bookish education. One wonders what exactly Lord Eustace Percy means when he says that nine times out of ten the man who can do things has a stronger personality than the man who cannot. Is a Houdini to be preferred to a Hamlet, and is intelligent thinking not just as important and just as much 'doing' as fretwork?

He contends also that the school must not take the scholar out of the life around him. Surely the whole object of education aims at just that very thing. Is it not written somewhere that we should be in the world but not of it? Are there not more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in his rather mundane philosophy? It is Lord Eustace himself who tells us that man's keenest experiences and freshest ideals in other than scientific fields were recorded and discussed hundreds of years ago, and that our reading does not go back far enough. He gives support to the silly criticism of text-books. Well, either these are telling the facts as best they can, or we are all just the gullible noodles Carlyle said we were. Why blame the innocent books for an iniquitous examination system enthroned by educationists and profiting few but the professors who collect the children's fees when they should be about their proper business?

Newport

ALL FOR FREEDOM

The Artist and his Public

If I am to exercise the privilege of a 'last word', may it be this: to reaffirm my conviction that Mr. Eric Newton is on the side of the angels, even if they are sometimes doubtful angels (or 'devils', as Blake rightly added) or occupy only the point of a pin. Mr. Newton stands for freedom in art; witness an excellent article of his in the *Manchester Guardian*, which I chance to have seen, on the case of Mr. Stanley Spencer.

Hampstead

D. S. MACCOLL

Books and Authors

Education, Pensions and Unemployment

Ability and Opportunity in English Education. By J. L. Gray and P. Moshinsky*
 The Entrance to Industry. The Exit from Industry. PEP.† 1s. each

Reviewed by MICHAEL ROBERTS

BEHIND THE OPPOSITION to any extension of State Insurance, free education, or public services in general, there is sometimes a deep conviction that it is better that a man should struggle for comfort and security for himself and for his family than that he should have them given to him. Today, the threat of unemployment hangs over half the homes in England. Perhaps the tragedy is that only half, or a little more than half, the homes are involved: there are still too many of us who do not understand how insecurity makes the cultivation of our cherished middle-class virtues utterly useless, and leads the victims to feel that the nation as a whole should be made responsible for the well-being of every individual. But it is clear that we must remove this insecurity which makes effort useless, and we are beginning to realise that more good can be done by preparing exact statistics and careful estimates than by uninformed agitation and unpremeditated personal effort.

This growing interest in statistics is to be deplored only when it leads us to overlook considerations which do not lend themselves to numerical description. Nowadays, we can usually calculate with precision the financial results of proposed legislation, but we cannot always foresee its psychological effects. Similarly in education, the use of 'Intelligence Tests' and of 'marking' in general may lead us to overlook the importance of qualities which cannot be estimated numerically. A person may have a very high I.Q. and yet be a prig and a rogue.

If we remember these limitations, the use of statistics can do much to simplify political disputes, by placing certain facts beyond the range of dispute altogether. No one, for example, after reading the recent article by Mr. Gray and Miss Moshinsky in the *Sociological Review*, can maintain that real equality of opportunity exists for the able children of all classes. If out of the total of 2,561,000 children of all classes between the ages of 9 and 12½ we consider the 711,000 with the highest abilities (I.Q. 130+ by the Otis Tests), we find that 20 per cent. of them will be given higher education as fee-paying pupils, and another 20 per cent. as free-placers; the remaining 60 per cent., owing to the poverty of their parents and the scarcity of free places, will be given no higher education at all, but, at the same time, 133,000 children of ability less than that of any of these will receive higher education owing to their parents' comparative wealth.

It cannot be denied that our secondary schools contain many fee-paying pupils who are simply a handicap to the teacher, and that the full implementation of the Hadow Report would make it possible to do a great deal for the 418,000 able children who are at present neglected, and are turned out of the schools at 14 to compete in the already overcrowded labour market.

It is with this aspect of the problem that the Political and Economic Planning Group (PEP) is primarily concerned. According to the census of 1931, about 700,000 children under 16 in England and Wales were 'gainfully occupied'; 300,000 were in full-time attendance at schools, and 200,000 were unoccupied or doing unpaid work at home. The PEP Group therefore proposes that the school age should be raised to 15 in April, 1936, and that compulsory half-time attendance at day continuation schools for boys and girls between the ages of 15 and 18 should be introduced by three steps in 1937, 1938, 1939. Not only would this make it possible to build up a system of post-primary education more likely to develop the latent potentialities of the pupil than the present elementary system, and make a more effective vocational guidance possible, but also it would prolong the period in which regular supervision of health, and general guidance in play as well as in work, could be given. The experience of firms which have operated their own schemes of day-continuation schooling, shows that part-time work is quite compatible with industrial efficiency. Nevertheless, the scheme would obviously lead to the withdrawal of some child-labour, and it is estimated that by 1940 it would result in the absorption of about half a million unemployed men and women over 18. Allowing for the saving on unemployment relief and junior instruction centres, the cost of these proposals would be about £10,000,000 for the first year of full operation; or if a maintenance allowance of 5s. a week were paid

to those over fifteen, about £23,000,000. The difficulties of finding teachers and accommodation are not insuperable. Finally, there is the fact that the population of school age has already reached a maximum, and this fact is one which has repercussions far beyond the present question.

During the next forty years, the population of Great Britain is expected to fall from 45,000,000 to rather less than 33,000,000 (Dr. Grace Leybourne, *Sociological Review*, April, 1934). During the same period the number of boys and girls under fifteen is expected to fall from 10,000,000 to 4,000,000, while the number of persons of sixty-five and over will rise from 3,300,000 to nearly 6,000,000. Unless something unforeseen occurs, the average age of the community will rise from under thirty-five to round about forty-one. We are becoming a nation of old men, and the problem of provision for the elderly worker is becoming more important and more difficult than ever before. At present about 2,000,000 people are receiving Old Age Pensions and about 700,000 people of sixty-five or over are in regular employment. 'Today the anomaly is', says *The Exit from Industry*, 'not that men of sixty-five should be so often unemployed, but that they should be employed as often as they are when so many men in the prime of life are in desperate need of work and wages'. If pensions are to be effective in reducing the pressure of unemployment and in relieving the drab monotony of the lives of the aged poor, they must offer a living, not a pittance, and the pension must be conditional upon the worker's retirement from paid work. Many firms have introduced excellent pension schemes for their own staffs, but there are many trades to which such schemes cannot be extended. Private saving, as we see from the example of 'Industrial Assurance' policies, is unsatisfactory; too often, unemployment or other misfortune compels the worker to discontinue his premiums and thus to lose all benefit. Nearly four-and-three-quarter millions of the ten million policies issued and taken up in 1929 lapsed without any surrender value or other consideration being given, and one-and-a-quarter millions more were discontinued without the person assured receiving any adequate value in return. 'These figures may be taken as broadly typical', says the report of the Departmental Committee.

There is thus a very strong case for State action, and the PEP group proposes that an additional old-age pension of 10s. should be paid to men, and 5s. to women, on their retirement at sixty-five or later, and that wives under sixty-five but over fifty who have been married at least five years should be given a pension when their husbands reach sixty-five, conditional on their own and their husbands' retirement. The existing pension of 10s., paid to the wives of contributors who are over sixty-five, would not be changed.

Single men and women would thus receive a pension of £1 and 15s. a week, respectively, at the age of sixty-five, and married couples would be eligible for a retirement pension of £1 10s. a week when the husband reached sixty-five. The scheme would give a retiring pension to over 620,000 insured persons already retired, while rather more than 470,000 employed persons over the age of sixty-five would be given the opportunity of retiring on pension. Not all of these would retire, but the authors of the scheme believe that between 100,000 and 160,000 younger workers would find employment if the proposals were adopted. If the cost (9d. per insured worker per week) were divided equally between the employer, the employee and the State, it is estimated that the annual charge to the State would amount to about £11,000,000 per annum in the first few years.

Apart from freeing the biggest section of the community from some of the handicaps and hazards which nullify their efforts today, the result of the two schemes taken together would probably be the reduction of the unemployment figures by something over 600,000, at an annual cost (including young people's maintenance allowances) of £34,000,000. The importance of these proposals cannot be too heavily stressed. They represent the most practical palliative of the unemployment problem which has yet been proposed.

*Reprinted from the *Sociological Review*, April, 1935

†16 Queen Anne's Gate, S.W.1

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Gilbert and Sullivan. By Hesketh Pearson
Hamish Hamilton. 10s. 6d.

OF BOOKS ABOUT GILBERT there are several, of books about Sullivan there are many, but this is a book that can truly be described as dealing with Gilbert-and-Sullivan. Inevitably, of course, all the books about either of the partners deal in a greater or lesser degree with the partnership and the immortal Operettas that derived from it; but only, so to say, incidentally. Mr. Pearson's book, though it treats of the personalities of Gilbert and Sullivan separately, is concerned with them first and foremost as partners. This is all to the good, for the partnership remains the important fact about them both. It is also, perhaps, the most frank of all the books. Without yielding to the modern craze for 'debunking', Mr. Pearson deals faithfully with the weaknesses of both men. There is no doubt that, to him, Gilbert is the more interesting, as well as the predominant, partner; indeed he claims that it was Gilbert who provided the male, and Sullivan the female, element in the collaboration. Many facts are brought out with unwonted clearness: the Victorian inhibitions of both men, the pathetic belief of both—not of Sullivan alone, as too many of us have assumed—that their work for the Savoy was of comparatively little importance and that their serious essays in music and drama respectively were what really mattered.

Mr. Pearson makes an interesting disclosure when he states that Sullivan, with his exceptional charm and great social gifts, was never as popular with the Company as Gilbert despite his gruffness, sarcasm and bad manners. The Company felt apparently that Gilbert always remained one of them and that there was something of condescension about Sullivan. It must be confessed that Mr. Pearson's sketch of Gilbert, complete and penetrating as it is, leaves one wondering whether there is not in fact a good deal more to say. Up to a certain point there is a clear affinity between him and Bernard Shaw, but a modern psychologist would not improbably find in Gilbert a queer sexual side, to be held responsible for the darker traits of his character. So far from being a contented Victorian, as the young highbrows who venture to depreciate his verse seem to assume, he was in full revolt against the Victorian sense of values, though (unlike Bernard Shaw) he never seems to have questioned Victorian standards of conduct.

Mr. Pearson's weakness as a biographer is the modern weakness for effect at the expense of strict accuracy. He loves the *leit-motif*. A passion for gambling and the society of royalty and nobility is continually brought forward as the explanation of Sullivan's every action. Doubtless Sullivan had a weakness for gambling and royalty, but he must occasionally have been prompted by other considerations. Again, Richard D'Oyly Carte is always depicted as being actuated by mercenary motives. This is even more unfair because Carte, though primarily an astute business man, must be credited with much ability and tact. Without them the partnership would not have lasted long, as is indeed clear to anyone who reads between the lines of Mr. Pearson's own book. By insisting overmuch on these predominant traits of Sullivan and Carte Mr. Pearson has spoilt his portraits of them as human beings. For human beings are never so simple as that.

Disarmament in British Foreign Policy

By Rolland A. Chaput. Allen and Unwin. 16s.

Instructed opinion upon the Government's disarmament policy is usually divisible into two clearly distinct categories. One side says that Great Britain has exhibited to the outside world the spectacle of a Power with first-class responsibilities trying to sustain them, in the interests of world peace, with second-class weapons. The other avers no less emphatically that the Government has behaved as subjectively as any other of the States whose representatives have assembled at Geneva, stressing her difficulties and self-righteously urging everybody save herself to disarm. This is a book by a young French Canadian who was educated in America and held a research fellowship in International Affairs. One might expect from such a source an objective treatment of British foreign policy. One finds it. Indeed, the most insular or isolationist of Englishmen will have a severe task to discover any lack of sympathy. The text is well proportioned. A little more than half the book is directly concerned with the Brit-

ish attitude on Naval disarmament: and the Navy is traditionally and by force of circumstances, Britain's mightiest arm. Briefer chapters are devoted to the questions of the land and the air. Throughout there is a complete lack of partisanship or propaganda. The striking and impressive reductions in all types of British armaments since the date of the Armistice are mentioned in their suitable places. For example, we are reminded that at the Armistice the total tonnage of the British Navy exceeded three millions. Today the tonnage of the Navy is considerably less than two millions. By the Armistice the numbers of our Army had swollen to 8,500,000: by 1934 it had been reduced to 150,000. In November, 1918, the Royal Air Force contained 22,000 aircraft and 293,000 men: by December, 1922, its dimensions had shrunk to 180 first-line planes and 20,000 men. These are, of course, the most impressive figures available. Whether they prove very much is a matter for doubt. During our relatively disarmed condition we have had no sort of threat to that peace which Mr. Chaput reiterates in his introductory chapter to be the key-stone of British foreign policy. He points out that British interests demand peace, but makes the somewhat surprising statement that the British Government in the League of Nations has followed its historic policy of upholding the balance of power in Europe. If that be an accurate statement it is unwittingly a criticism of British foreign policy. The collective system implied by the Covenant seemed designed to end the disequilibrium caused by the balance of power. Those who select the century following 1815 as a justification for the maintenance, by the balance of power, of European peace—unbroken except for the Crimean War—are reminded in parenthesis that between 1814 and the South African War the British Army was engaged in thirty-two Colonial wars.

After a perusal of this book one is inclined to think that one's country has emerged, upon the whole, without discredit from the Disarmament Conference. One then considers the European situation and is bound to concede that Britain, in spite of her power and influence, has not been able to prevent a precipitous deterioration. The book cannot be read without a deep conviction that the emergence of the air weapon must fundamentally alter the British conception of British interests and the manner in which they can best be preserved. British unilateral disarmament is referred to as a simple inexpugnable fact: her attitude towards an effective pooling of security is not apparent with any clearness.

The Lordship of the Isles. By I. F. Grant

The Moray Press. 21s.

Highways and Byways in the West Highlands

By Seton Gordon. Macmillan. 7s. 6d.

In these crowded days, when immediate problems loom so large and change so quickly, a sense of continuity in human life can be a stay and a guide. And this sense of continuity with the past is easily awakened in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland, where the palimpsest of human life has not been thickly scrawled over during the last few hundred years. The remoteness, involving until recently the comparative inaccessibility, of the West Highlands has preserved in them the simplest continuity of all, that of wild nature, so that the most unschooled visitor, standing on the white sand of some beach facing the setting sun, becomes aware of his own timeless origins. But the Highlands are not merely natural scenery, they convey to the visitor a sense of continuity more valuable although more difficult to interpret than the simple recurrence of tides and nesting seasons.

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Arran—and he has covered it admirably. He provides all the knowledge needed to turn a holiday visit into a living experience; each of his fifty-two chapters is a kind of regional survey of one district. He describes the natural features, discusses legends, indicates and explains historical interest, quotes Dr. Johnson and others, and as befits a naturalist gives a good account of the wild life, the birds and flowers especially. In his chapters that wild coast blossoms pink and crimson with sea-thrift, scarlet with lychnis, yellow with saxifrage and, even among wintry conditions, with the pale, early heads of the draw-moss: all the colour of Celtic legend springs up. It is perhaps a pity to call this a guide-book, but it is in fact an excellent and intelligent guide-book. Sir D. Y. Cameron's exquisite little studies adorn it and help to make it a book for keeping, while there is a short appendix on Gaelic pronunciation and a glossary by Professor W. J. Watson. The print is clear and readable for all the wealth of information packed into the book, and the whole is a reasonably handy size. There is a convenient map.

Miss Grant's book comes in a different category. It is no guide for the contemplative visitor; it is a loving and intensive study of a definite historical area, the old Gaelic sea-kingdom of Dalriada which merged into and partly survived as the Lordship of the Isles. From the time when the first Scots from Erin founded it, c. A.D. 503, until its final disruption in 1493, the threads of historical continuity can just be traced, although tangled and often broken. In this book the author substantiates the assertion that 'the old arts and legends of the Gael are most closely associated with districts that once formed part of its territories', and in her pilgrimage through these territories she has in her own person gathered into one continuous experience so much knowledge of the old Gaelic culture that its atmosphere becomes convincingly real. She has noted almost every stone remaining in the area, and these, especially the Celtic crosses, have been beautifully reproduced, making the book an excellent source of reference. The Gaels remain the most interesting and most baffling figures in the book; it is a tribute to Miss Grant that one doubts neither their importance in Scotland nor the authenticity of their continuous tradition there. The author has included large excerpts from various Gaelic sources, from which arises the atmosphere of a heroic race, strangely like the Homeric Hellenes, but more sensuous, more glowing, the progenitors, one feels, of that rich jewelled colour found in Dunbar. 'Fifty warriors, on each one a crimson, five-folding cloak . . . their fifty wives wearing green cloaks with silver borders . . . fifty servants wearing shirts of yellow silk and silver'.

It is perhaps ungrateful to complain of a labour of love that it does not provide an adequate map. And this book, being a record of a personal enthusiasm, should, one feels, have been boldly written in the first person instead of by an editorial 'we'.

A Frenchman Sees the English in the 'Fifties

Adapted from the French of Francis Wey by
Valerie Pirie. Sidgwick and Jackson. 8s. 6d.

It would be well worth the while of some imaginative writer to attempt a really detailed reconstruction of life in London about the middle of the last century. His chief difficulty would be to deal with the vast amount of information available, but no authorities would be more helpful to him than those intelligent foreign observers who saw with a fresh eye many aspects of our lives that we took, and still take, for granted. Francis Wey was such an observer, and it was a good idea to produce a version of his *Les Anglais Chez Eux*. A man of learning and taste, and president of the Société des Gens de Lettres, he was curious, lively and observant, and did his best to see as many sides of English life as he could. What seems most characteristic of the period is that the middle class, now so ubiquitous, had then scarcely come into its own: there was a much wider gulf between rich and poor. The upper classes were more conscious of their status and much more in evidence than now, as they thronged the parks in their carriages or Regent Street on foot; while the lower classes were of course far more submerged—there were hordes of professional beggars, and the revolting squalor of the slums was probably never worse than at that time. It was on Saturday nights (Dostoevsky is among the eye-witnesses) that the full horrors of the time were most plain, when the gaudy gin-palaces were packed and 'drunken women by the hundred lay about higgledy-piggledy in the mud'.

M. Wey was very well able to appreciate the good as well as the bad. The solid comfort of the Reform Club sent him into ecstasies (had not every bedroom a recess fitted with a white marble basin into which through two taps hot and cold water

could be poured at any time, and was there not a complete array of unguents, perfumes, essences, and highly trained valets?) and as for the pantomime at the Surrey Theatre: 'No words can express the animation, the gaiety, the boldness, the madness, the incoherence, the coarseness, the splendour, the whimsical poetry and the brutality of these Christmas pantomimes'. Our food of course was terrible, what with our 'incendiary sauces', our shameless habit of advertising the defects of our most private internal economy by eating quantities of rhubarb, and our vast appetites. On the question of Victorian prudishness, this book suggests that we are not quite clear. The Londoner, says M. Wey, leaves his prudery at home; at Brighton 'men go into the water stark naked'; while the behaviour of some 'high-born beauties' at Ascot suggests that 'when English people are not icicles, they are apt to become shameless'. The truth is probably that the rise and expansion of middle-class ideals has since made us fussy about public behaviour, and we have lost that healthy indifference to other people's opinions which was often the mark of both the aristocrat and the true proletarian. M. Wey soon found out that our historical monuments are popular in proportion to the horrors committed within their walls, and when one entered one used to begin by asking, 'And who was murdered here?' But he had no doubt that we were human, and there is no doubt that he was. The best tribute to his intelligence is that the fruits of it, now neatly arranged by Mrs. Pirie, are still very palatable.

Through the Weather House

By R. A. Watson Watt. Davies. 7s. 6d.

It is beyond dispute that the average man thinks and talks much more about the weather than he does about the stars and planets. Yet popular books on astronomy are 'best sellers' nowadays, and popular books on meteorology are not. The reason for this may be that among the ranks of meteorologists none has yet arisen possessing Sir James Jeans' extraordinarily happy knack of putting difficult things in a simple and attractive way. Or is it that the weather is so continually obtruding itself on us that we feel we know enough about it already, and are loth to spend time in learning more? Mr. Watson Watt should soon be in a position to decide the point, for his attempt to extend Jeansian treatment to weather science is eminently successful and deserves an 'astronomical' circulation. *Through the Weather House* is an expanded and illustrated version of seven talks which the author gave in the National Programme early last year. Many listeners who heard him then will welcome this opportunity to study his admirable handling of the subject at their leisure. There is little that calls for criticism in the book except the statement on page 163 that no reputable meteorologist would carry an umbrella at seven in the morning. To avoid undesirable imputations, prudent exponents of this science arm themselves with an umbrella-stick at all hours. A cryptic remark, presumably not submitted to the author before publication, appears in the 'blurb' on the jacket of the book:—'Mr. Watson Watt is far too great an expert to claim that he can teach a man to be his own weather profit' (*sic*).

Between the Oxus and the Indus

By Col. R. C. F. Schomberg. Hopkinson. 15s.

This book is written in a style so unadorned as to be almost naked, yet effective, and effective cumulatively even more than in isolation. The author's eyes are always on his facts, and not on reviewers. His facts are so numerous and drawn from such a wide field of interest that he is safe in trusting his style to them. He writes of a handful of tiny States beyond Nanga Parbat and the infant Indus, lying in the watershed between the rivers of the Punjab and the Oxus—an intricate network of glacier, peak and valley'. From beyond Hunza you look down on waters draining away through Afghan, Russian, Chinese and Indian territory. You may breakfast in India, lunch in China, and dine in Bolshevik Asia. Visitors to this region are rare, 'and are not encouraged, since the economic situation has always to be watched'. The fate of one of Colonel Schomberg's few predecessors in exploration here, George Hayward, is related in Sir Henry Newbolt's famous poem, 'He Fell among Thieves' (Colonel Schomberg's own account of Hayward's death, based on the testimony of villagers of the district, differs in important respects from Sir Henry's, and makes one of the most interesting passages of his book.) The Agent's garrison is victualled from Kashmir, from which for six months it is cut off by snow-blocked passes. The people of these remote Muslim principalities survive

precariouly, tending with unremitting toil narrow fields built up and straightened from mountain-sides. Like the inhabitants of other wild regions since the rifle spread all over the world, they have shot out all their wild game, and their existence has become a ravenous greed for meat, a permanent famine broken by a few weeks' surfeit of apricots and peaches. The very occasional traveller must bring full supplies for himself and his servants, and must live watchfully and sparsely.

Colonel Schomberg is in the front rank of living explorers, as his previous book on Chinese Turkestan established. His patience and tolerance and interest, his physical and moral courage, never give out. Within its deliberately chosen limits, his writing does almost perfectly what it sets out to do. Describing a country which resembles no other, in itself or in its inhabitants, he makes no exaggerated claims for his subject, but brings together a mass of folklore, history, sociology, anthropology, illustrated by excellent photographs. *Between the Oxus and the Indus* is bound to take a permanent place among the classics of its strictly specialised field.

Letters of Napoleon to Marie Louise. Edited by Charles de la Roncière. Hutchinson. 10s. 6d.

Last December, 318 autograph letters of Napoleon to his wife Marie Louise were suddenly brought to light; put up for sale, and quite properly bought by the National Library of France. No cares, not even on the retreat from Moscow, prevented Napoleon from writing one and often two letters daily to 'Ma bonne Louise'. Though all are written in the most affectionate terms, one has the feeling that they come almost as much from the head as the heart and that Napoleon was making a business of being a good husband, because it suited his policy at that stage of his career. The letters are mostly short and personal: only a few touch on policy and still fewer on military plans, but one of the very few was unfortunately captured by Blücher. Almost every letter contains such sentences as 'my health is very good', 'my affairs are going well', or, when they are almost desperate, 'my affairs are in pretty good shape', 'a kiss for the little king' and 'Adio, mio bene'. Those written after the fall of Paris in 1814 must arouse the admiration of his most determined enemies. Stripped and humiliated, he could write two days before his abdication, 'my health is very good. I am full of courage: why is yours not like it? I would willingly share mine with you', and the day before, 'the change in my fortunes affects me on your account. Love me well and never doubt—Ton Nap'. And yet after his defeat Marie Louise did not rejoin her husband. With very little effort, she was persuaded to return to her father and, in spite of many appealing letters, Napoleon never saw either his wife or son.

The translator, whose name is not mentioned, has done his work well, as has M. de la Roncière in writing the very necessary commentary.

Psychology and Health. By H. Banister Cambridge University Press. 7s. 6d.

In this short survey of modern psychology in some of its relations to health of body and mind, the author lays emphasis on the importance of the formation of sentiments. He maintains that the most important aim of education is the development of a well-integrated character, the keystone of which lies in the formation of strong and well-adapted sentiments, sentiments being defined as organisations of instinctive tendencies and emotions around certain objects. He argues that instincts and impulses, which in the interests of social order need to be suppressed in the individual, will, more often than not, escape the fate of being repressed into the unconscious, by the fact that some object (in the course of the struggle) will provide the rallying-point round which the instincts and tendencies will be precipitated in the form of sentiments, either conscious or part-conscious. If such strong and well-adapted sentiments can be provided by education, then, so he maintains, deep, unconscious repressions can be avoided. This is an argument which will appeal to many educationalists by its simplicity; it will have, for many minds, the further advantage of avoiding any more intimate acquaintanceship with the deep unconscious, that reservoir of the repellent and the obscene, which to our outraged idealism so often appears as sub-human. But in this very simplicity and in this facile avoidance of the deeper and more repellent aspects of human nature, may well lie the weakness of Mr. Banister's contention. This very creation of sentiments by the educationalist, though it may seem to offer a temporary solution of a problem, may in itself be but a

strengthening of the *super-ego*; and indeed such educationally evoked sentiments are likely to form the foundation of an arbitrary idealism, which we have no reason to suppose to be in harmony with the essential needs of the individual. This method, although so superficially attractive in its simplicity, may well be that very thing that educationalists should be at pains to avoid. On this main point, Mr. Banister is not altogether convincing, and though his book will doubtless be welcomed by those educationalists who think it both safer and sounder to avoid the dangerous deep places of the soul, and who believe that the process of education is to build up a strong *persona*, it will be regarded with suspicion by those modern schools of psychology who believe that true education can only be subsequent on an analysis uncoloured by moral values and employing a thorough-going and reductive method.

Morals and Politics. By E. F. Carritt Oxford University Press. 6s.

This is a very well-disciplined, well-groomed little book. Indeed it may be thought a shade too well-disciplined; it compresses so much thinking into so short a space, and all so concisely expressed, that it may give the impression of dryness. Which would be a pity, for the moment one gets into its argument, one realises that it is the most important issues of our time—the problems of political obligation, the relation of duty to interest in politics, the place of the individual in the State, the relations of States to each other—that are being discussed, and all with extraordinary integrity, lucidity and with a piercing and acute intelligence. There is more clear, hard thinking of value in this little book than in most books on politics five times its size. Perhaps Mr. Carritt could have doubled the size of this with advantage; and it would have been all the easier reading. But as it is, it should be used as a text-book in all universities, and by all who are interested reflectively in politics.

One may not agree with its approach to politics, which is essentially an ethical one. Its argument is summarised in the concluding sentence, quoted from Kant: 'A true theory of politics must begin by doing homage to moral obligation'. But is this so? One need not deny the fact of obligations. But is obligation the central feature of politics? Only, it must be answered, to the moral philosopher. To the politician or political thinker—and what we need rather is a specifically *political* approach to politics—the central problems are the relations of men to each other in their public aspect (*i.e.*, to the end of the maintenance of society), of individuals to the group (*e.g.*, church, class, State), and of groups to each other, whether they involve obligation or no. From this point of view the fact of power and the analysis of it, are more important than the fact of obligation and theories about it. It is the field within which obligations exist and sets limits to their operation. Mr. Carritt's is the approach of a moral philosopher; his book is not so much on politics, or political theory, as on certain political aspects and extensions of morals.

But it is none the less valuable for that. He goes through a number of political thinkers from Plato to Green and Bosanquet from the point of view of their theory of obligation, revealing the confusions and difficulties they are led into by their attempts to explain obligation in terms of something other than itself. He does not seem to be quite fair to Hobbes, where there appears to be a mistake or two in the argument; nor is he very sympathetic in his interpretation of Rousseau. But his chapters on Kant, Hegel, Green and Bosanquet are brilliant, and as regards Hegel and Bosanquet withering in the cumulative effect of so exact a logic. No other writer has brought out, and with all the effect of under-emphasis, the crude and ghastly amorality in politics which flows from Hegel's position. When we read that the proper exercise of philosophy is in the service of the State; that the State does not have to consult the well-being or happiness of its subjects if that conflicts with its own greatness; when 'war is justified on the grounds that by it domestic discontent and hankerings after liberty are quelled, and the considerable nature of individual life and happiness demonstrated by "hussars with shining sabres"'; that in implicit obedience to the absolute authority of the State man finds his true freedom, since the State is objectified reason, *der Gang Gottes in der Welt*; that a noble or governing class represents the absolute or universal spirit of the others, it is the manifestation of God; that what the absolute aim of spirit requires, transcends the obligations and responsibilities of persons, to whom good or bad motives can be imputed: when we read this, we recognise some of the spiritual sources of the present situation in Germany. It is not a far cry from the 'abstract' thought of Hegel to the events of June 30, or before and after.